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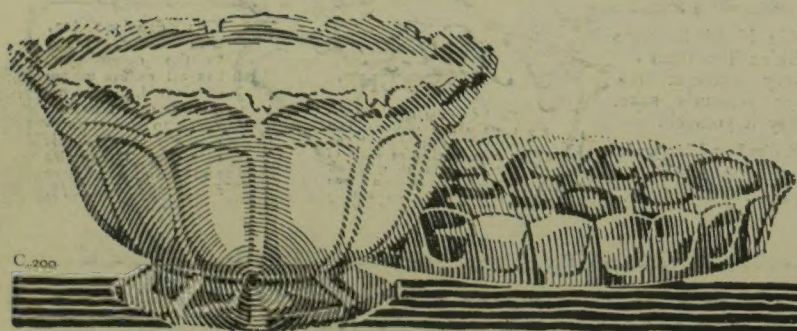
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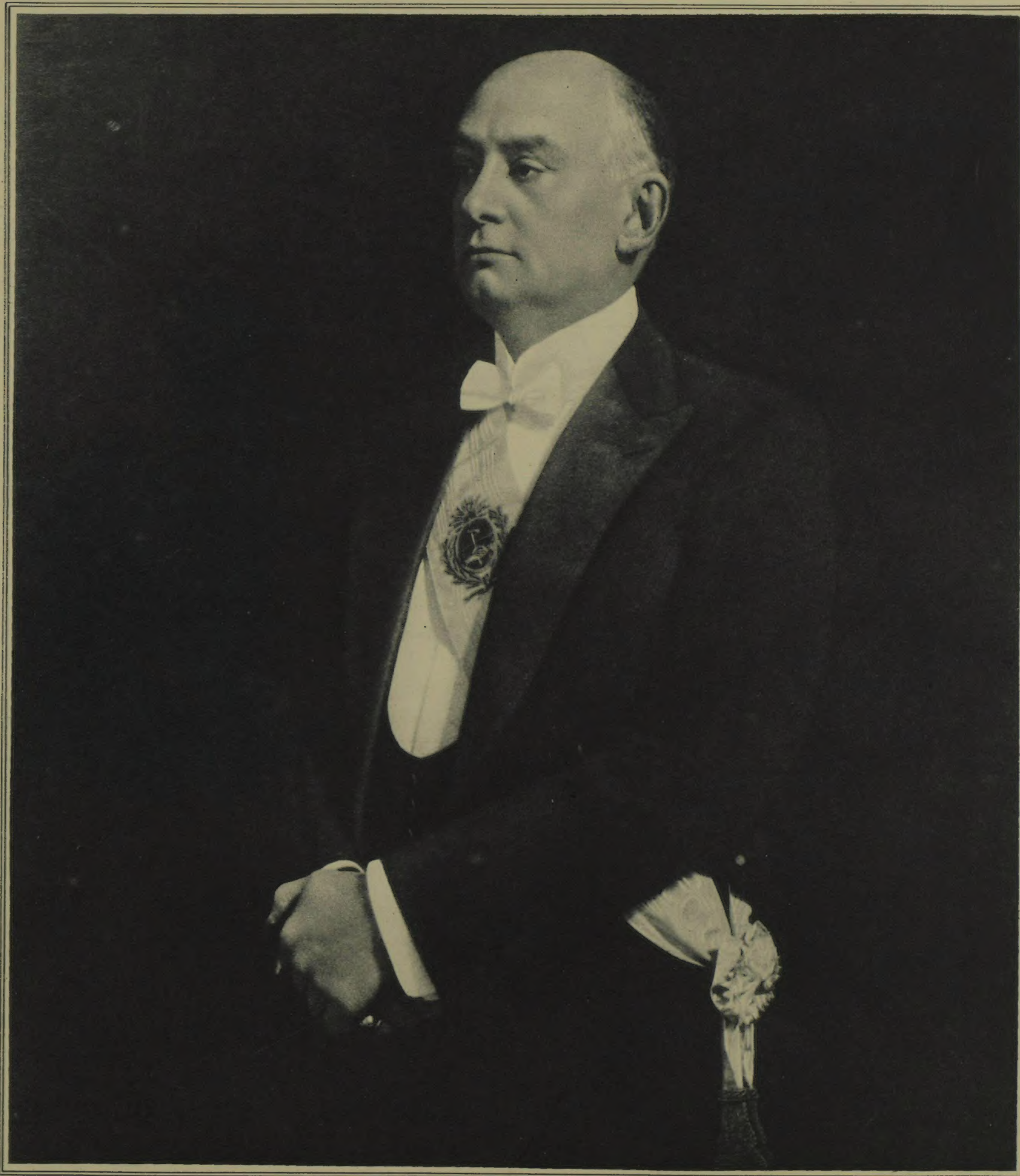
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1925.

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TO WELCOME THE PRINCE OF WALES: DR. MARCELO T. DE ALVEAR, PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Dr. Marcelo de Alvear, who as President of the Argentine Republic will welcome the Prince of Wales when he arrives there on August 17, was elected to the presidency in 1922, and his six years' term of office will expire in 1928. Before he became President, Dr. de Alvear had been for five years Argentine Minister in Paris, and in that capacity he proved a valuable friend to the Allies during the war. He is well known in this country, for on his way back to Argentina in 1922,

after being elected President, he came to London at the invitation of the King, and was entertained by his Majesty at Buckingham Palace, as well as by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. In a speech made at that time, Dr. de Alvear referred to "the close friendship which has always existed between Great Britain and the Argentine." That friendship the visit of the Prince of Wales will doubtless make still closer.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY WITCOMB.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE historian has a habit of saying of people in the past: "I think they may well be considered worthy of praise, allowing for the ideas of their time." There will never be really good history until the historian says, "I think they were worthy of praise, allowing for the ideas of my time." The star-gazing mathematician, when he allows for the personal equation, allows for it in his own person, not in some other person living down the road, still less in dead people living long ago, least of all in the very people or things that he is studying. The astronomer allows for the mote that is in his own eye, and not merely for the beam which may possibly be in the eye of the Man in the Moon, since he was flung up there, with his bundle of wood, for picking sticks on a Sunday. He allows for the fly in his own telescope, as in the old tale, and does not jump to the conclusion that the monster can only be in the moon. That is what is called the humility of science; and it is an admirable thing when you can get it. In many departments you really do get it; but you do not get it enough in the department of history.

I mean that when a modern writer says in a broad-minded fashion, "St. Joan of Arc was not so bad, considering the conditions of her time," it would be better if he added, "And really I am not writing about her so badly, considering the perfectly infernal conditions of mine." When a historical scholar observes, "The behaviour of Alfred the Great would really seem to be fairly creditable, according to the conceptions of his day," his remark would be truer if it were followed by the words, "At least, that is about as much as I can understand about him, under the rather dismal illumination of my day." But, anyhow, the historian ought to be made to understand that his day is only a day. He is apt to treat it as if it were a day of judgment. We all have a little weakness, which is very natural but rather misleading, for supposing that this epoch must be the end of the world because it will be the end of us. How future generations will get on without us is indeed, when we come to think of it, quite a puzzle. But I suppose they will get on somehow, and may possibly venture to revise our judgments as we have revised earlier judgments. Anyhow, ours are hardly in the divine sense last judgments. Before the astronomer goes on to prove conclusively that the stars are not clean in his sight, he admits the possibility that even telescopes are not always clean. And before the historian goes on to show that the heroes of history were lacking in this or that, he will do well to admit that not only heroes, but even historians, are human beings, and may possibly be lacking in something. For every age is an abyss; every period of the past is an unfathomable infinity of human sensations that we shall never share, human secrets that we shall never know, and, above all, human virtues that we shall never be able properly to praise. None of us is good enough to appreciate the goodness of mankind. Thus, instead of always saying, "The simple hermit, sitting by his lonely well, doubtless did something

by his spiritual example to build up the ideals of our great civilisation," we ought sometimes to say, "The simple professor, wholly unacquainted with the use of wells, and abjectly and pitifully dependent on a system of waterworks, doubtless did his best to understand the greater individual dignity and sanctity that surrounded St. Anton's Well." A well, with self-dependence and solitude, may not be a better thing than a cistern, with impersonal and unconscious communism. But such elaborate dependence for every detail of life constitutes a limitation of experience, which may be a limitation of understanding. It never occurs to us to say, "A monograph on the Holy Well is to be written by Professor Pooter, who has hot and cold water laid on in his bath-room." It does not immediately leap to our lips, in the form of saying: "A Life of St. Anton is to be

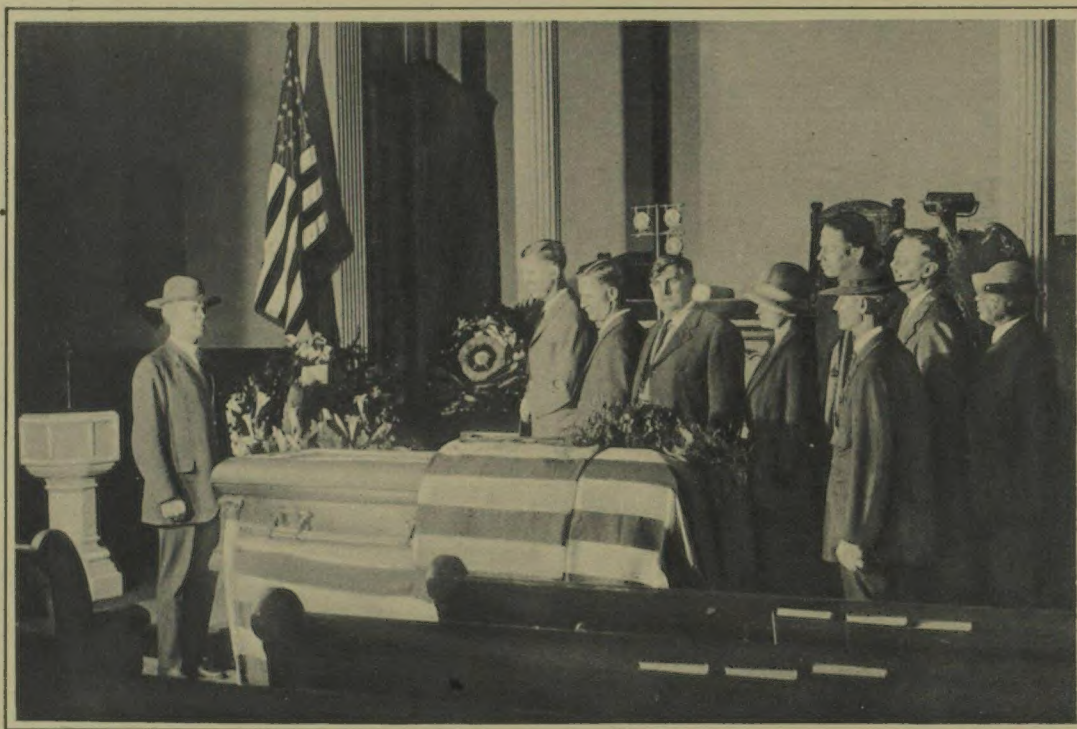
never do things for themselves. We ought to allow for its lop-sided influence, whenever such people are judging simpler people who did do things for themselves.

Or again, a man ought not merely to say, "I will now narrate the history of such-and-such a Greek or mediæval city, where the people were so narrow and primitive as to believe that certain gods or saints guarded the citadel against its enemies." Rather, the writer ought to say, "I have the misfortune to be writing these words in Ealing, where I can find no trace of any gods being worshipped, or even of any saints being invoked. My capacity for dealing with the question is therefore considerably limited, by the unfortunate accident that I do not know what it feels like to live in cities that really have temples, or even

in cities that have citadels. Allowing, however, for my inevitable ignorance of the old civic type of religion, I am inclined to think as follows." For understanding history, which is understanding humanity, it is just as much of a local limitation that there is no tutelary god of Tufnell Park and no Palladium on the highest peak of Upper Tooting, as it is that there was no post-office in Troy or no daily paper in Antioch. We have got to allow as much in one case as in the other. As it is, heroes are treated as human beings; but historians are treated as superhuman beings. Every century is treated as a century except our own, which is here treated in every sense as a millennium.

I should like to see this historical humility and historical charity producing a totally new tone in such writers upon such subjects. I should like a man reconstructing the past to say, "So far as we may judge, who have never suffered what these men suffered, I hope we may never be tempted to do what these men did." I should like to hear a Don from a university saying,

"While I feel in a false position in the matter, since I have never been starving in the street, I do really think that this riot was horrible." I should like to applaud some great scholar for saying, "I have never seen all my most precious truths slipping from the world; perhaps I have never had any particularly precious truths to slip; but, even allowing for that, I regard this religious persecution as inhuman and unjust." I should like to hear the learned lamenting that they had never been in massacres; almost lamenting, perhaps, that they had never been massacred. I should like them to bewail the rich and wide field of experience from which they were thus shut out. I should like the professors to be moved almost to tears by the thought that they had no real intimate inside knowledge of the Reign of Terror or the Inquisition. I should like to know that historical scholars really felt the void in their experience, the deplorable gaps in their own personal knowledge, due to their having never come into close touch with assassination or torture. That sort of confession would be the preface to a true history; and all the better a history because it would be a history of the historians.



WITH VETERANS OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR GUARDING THE COFFIN: THE LYING-IN-STATE OF THE LATE MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, THE WELL-KNOWN STATESMAN AND ANTI-EVOLUTIONIST.

Mr. W. J. Bryan, as noted under a portrait of him in our issue of August 1, died at Dayton, Tennessee, just after the "anti-evolution" trial there, in which he was chief counsel for the prosecution. His funeral took place in Washington on July 31, and, at his widow's request, was of a simple character. The body had previously lain-in-state in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, where Lincoln worshipped, and some 25,000 people filed past it. After the funeral service it was taken in procession over the Potomac to Arlington, for interment among the graves of United States veterans. Mr. Bryan left £172,000, of which he bequeathed £100,000 to religious institutions, and the foundation of a boys' school. Surprise was expressed at the amount of his property, in view of his attacks on capitalism.—[Photograph by Topical.]

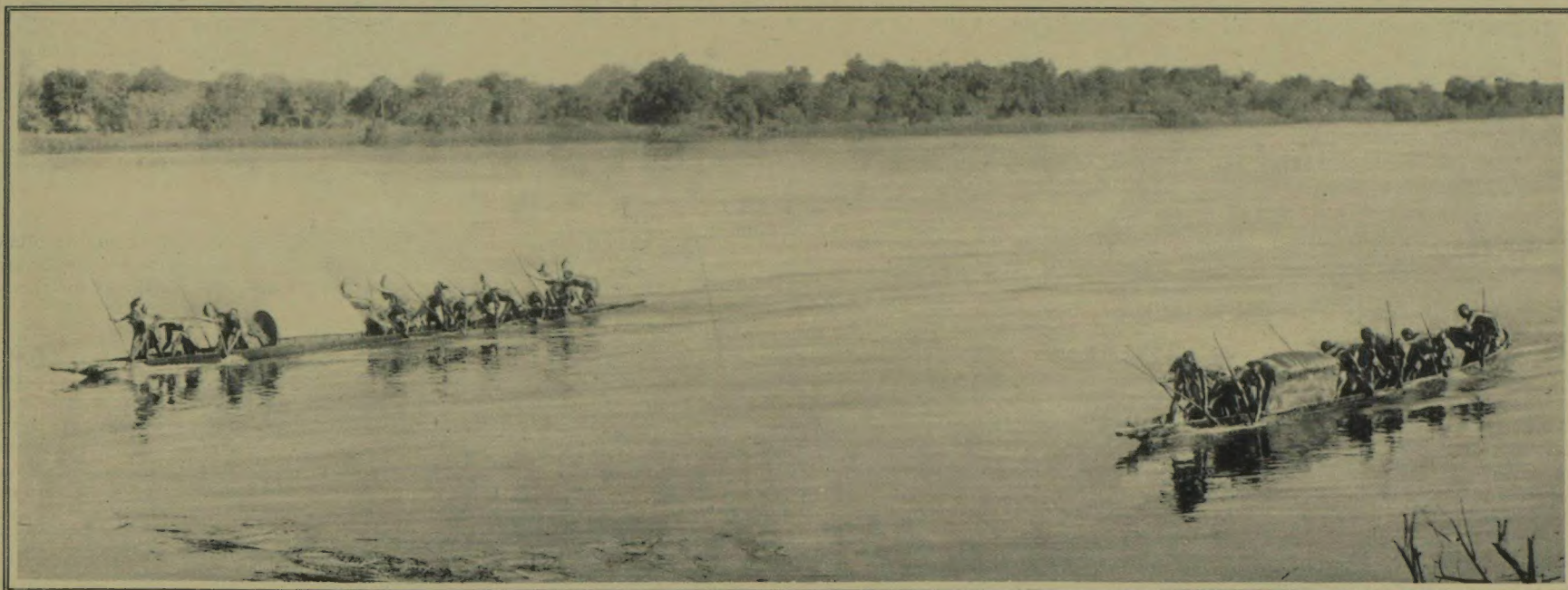
written by the Master of Bumblebury College, who has never in his life walked up to the top of a hill to get a pail of water." Yet the great historical example of Jack and Jill, who attempted to live the simple life in this fashion, will show that the life was full of incident, and even made demands on the virtues of courage and endurance. It is a limitation, and not merely an enlargement, that modern conditions do not call out those particular virtues in that particular way. For instance, there was never an ancient hermit so wildly unworldly, or so inhumanly ignorant of the world, that he did not know whether he owned his own well or not, or to what monastery, or manor, or feudal lord it belonged. But if you were to ask Professor Pooter what were the names of the people on the Water Board that supplies his water, he would have no more notion than the dead. He would look for them in vain through all the volumes of the "Cambridge Modern History." Yet the point is strictly historical and it is highly modern. It is perhaps the most marked of all the peculiarities of modern history, only the modern historians do not mark it. It is the huge unconscious weakness of people who

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THE PRINCE ON THE ZAMBESI: A BOAT RACE; A CANOE TRIP.

OFFICIAL N.P.A. PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



A "VARSITY BOAT RACE" IN NATIVE STYLE, WITH CANOES PROPELLED BY LONG PADDLES: AN INCIDENT OF THE AQUATIC DISPLAY AT KAMUJOMA, ON THE ZAMBESI, GIVEN BY THE BAROTSE IN HONOUR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.



WHERE TWO CROCODILES HAD BEEN SIGHTED DURING THE AFTERNOON: THE PRINCE OF WALES TAKING A TRIP IN A SMALL NATIVE DUGOUT SKIFF, MANNED BY FOUR BAROTSE BOATMEN, DURING THE AQUATIC DISPLAY AT KAMUJOMA, ON THE ZAMBESI.

During his visit to Northern Rhodesia, the Prince of Wales, who, as noted elsewhere in this number, has since left South Africa and is due to land shortly in Argentina, travelled on July 13 from Livingstone, the capital, to Kamujoma, on the river Zambesi. There he met the paramount chief of the Barotse, Yeta III., who with his fleet of canoes had come in a state barge three hundred miles down stream to see the Prince. The flotilla had had exciting adventures on the way in

the rapids and among hippopotami. In his reply to Yeta's speech of welcome, the Prince expressed admiration of the skill shown by the Barotse as boatmen. In honour of the Prince they gave an aquatic display, which included a race between two large canoes with crews of about a dozen men each, using long paddles. The Prince himself went for a trip in a small dugout; but, as two crocodiles had been sighted during the afternoon, they kept close inshore.

PREPARING A BRILLIANT WELCOME FOR THE PRINCE OF

DRAWINGS BY

WALES: THE SOCIAL SIDE OF LIFE IN THE ARGENTINE.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



ARGENTINE SOCIAL FESTIVITIES IN WHICH THE PRINCE WILL JOIN DURING HIS VISIT:

The Prince of Wales is due to land in Argentina on August 17, and a great welcome has been prepared for him at Buenos Aires. Our artist, Mr. Bryan de Grineau, who has spent several years in the country, writes: "The parade of the champion bull before the President and people at the Exposition Rural at Palermo is the great annual society function. The judge is usually a cattle expert from England. The Shorthorn is the breed best suited to the Argentine flat country, while its neighbour, undulating Uruguay, finds Herefords thrive best. The 'Remate,' or public auction of the Grand Champion, after the presentation, provokes high bidding. The date of this event has been altered to coincide with the Prince's visit. In another part of Palermo is the famous race-course, or Hipodromo, where the Argentine goes racing every Sunday and 'Fiesta' day throughout the year. The exclusive Jockey Club has a magnificent

THE EXPOSICION RURAL; A GREAT ESTANCIA; AND CENTRES OF POLO AND RACING.

enclosure, which is always thronged with Society people and invited foreign visitors. The Prince's military escort at all State functions held in his honour will be drawn from the President's bodyguard, a crack cavalry regiment. Hurlingham, where the Prince will play polo, is the best-known British country club in the Argentine, and is situated about an hour from Buenos Aires. This is quite an English colony, and the centre of the nation's polo games. The cult of the polo pony and the racehorse is carried on at many of the great estancias; perhaps the best-known to English ears is that of Don Miguel Alfredo Martinez de Hoz, who has spent much time in England, and drove his coach to Brighton. His country house, Chapadmalal, near Mar del Plata, has wonderful stables, which the Prince will visit. His sons are amongst the best polo-players of Argentina, and breed polo ponies there."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A LAND THAT WILL APPEAL TO THE PRINCE'S

DRAWINGS BY



COUNTRY SIGHTS THAT WILL INTEREST THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE

"Life in the Argentine to many English people," writes Mr. Bryan de Grineau, in a note on his drawings, "means life in the city of Buenos Aires; but the real life of the Argentine, that from which comes all the country's vast wealth, is that of the 'campo'—or country—the vast cattle ranges of the pampas. The 'gaucho'—or cowboy—of the estancias is naturally the most necessary and picturesque of the population of 'el campo,' and on many of the estancias I was privileged to visit, the 'gaucho' was the predominant centre of interest. He is a wonderful horseman, being, so to speak, born in the saddle. During his visits to the various estancias the Prince of Wales will be most interested in these people.—The 'Ombu,' mentioned by W. H. Hudson so often, is a strange tree which grows solitary and alone on the campo, and provides shade for cattle. It serves no other purpose, its wood being quite useless

SPORTING TASTES: COUNTRY LIFE IN ARGENTINA.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



ARGENTINE: TYPICAL SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN THE LIFE OF THE CAMPO.

and unburnable.—The big ranges, such as the Bovril properties in Entre Rios, are run on almost military lines. The major-domos, or chiefs of the estancia, are British, with 'subalterns' under them. The 'gaucho' is very quarrelsome, and many knife duels take place over trivial disputes. On most British-run estancias the spirit of the country, called 'caña,' a potent drink, is forbidden, owing to its effect on the 'gaucho' temperament. The 'gaucho' also has to break and train horses. Travelling in winter in Argentina is no joke—the roads are mere sand-tracks, almost impassable in bad weather. A troop of horses called a 'padrilla,' used in relays, accompanies the traveller on long distances. A favourite mare, or 'madrina,' with the troop has a bell slung round her neck; the 'gaucho' drives her with him, and the horses follow. Cattle also require a decoy when passing through streams."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

Great Ghosts: Royal, Worthy, and Eccentric Edinburgh.

"THE ROMANCE OF THE EDINBURGH STREETS." By MARY D. STEUART.*

THE 'Royal Mile' formed by the Castle Hill, Lawnmarket, High Street and Canongate . . . was the scene of two-thirds of Scotland's history. Whatever happened in Edinburgh, down to the end of the eighteenth century, was almost bound to happen in this street. When, in the autumn of 1093, Prince Edgar, weary, muddy, and heavy-hearted, emerged from the woods surrounding the keep and collection of huts that represented Edinburgh, to break the news of the lost Battle of Alnwick and the death of Malcolm Canmore to Queen Margaret, it must have been a path up the sloping ridge (now the High Street) that he rode. . . . When the monks of St. Giles, of the Blackfriars, or the Greyfriars, went in procession bearing sacred effigies and relics through the town, it was up or down this same street that their route lay. When kings entered their capital, when male-factors went to execution, when the great families of Douglas and Hamilton fell to fighting each other, when mobs arose at the Reformation, when the Castle was besieged, when merchants did peaceful business at the Market Cross, when servants gossiped at the wells, and their mistresses went out shopping, when the Lords attended Parliament, and the Town Council their Council Room, the Royal Mile was the scene of it all."

The ghosts of many generations people it, haunt it bravely and fearfully, gaudily and in fustian—the turbulent and the timid, saints and sinners, men of battles and booths and barterings, of salon, studio, stage and study; women fair and frail, humble and queenly; martyrs and the masterful, genius and folly. It echoes eerily to laughter and to sighs, to the sob of the dagger as it strikes, the ringing of the blades of swords, the sigh as the point touches; to the clank of armour and the clatter of hooves, the rumbling of guns and the cries of the hucksters; to the crisp marching of troops and the shuffling of priests; to the rattle of coach-wheels and the sturdy steps of chairmen swaying under their sedans.

And so it is throughout the City: memories are about the sites, mocking and mouthing at the humdrum of the modern.

What pictures are conjured up! The Castle alone is a gallery of days that are no more; and Holyrood. Know the romance of them.

See the escapes of the confined and the condemned from the "sad and solitary place, without verdure, and, by reason of its vicinity to the sea, unwholesome." Joan of Beaufort, the Queen-mother, smuggled out the young James II. in a great "ark" of dresses. Alexander, Duke of Albany, and his "chalmers-child," lowered themselves from the ramparts with ropes concealed in a cask of malvoisie, after the Duke had stabbed his guards with their captain's dagger and thrown the bodies on the open fire, "and there in their armour they broiled and sweltered like tortoises in iron shells." Lady Ogilvie walked out as a laundress. James Mohr Macgregor, the worthless son of Rob Roy, passed the sentries as a lame, bent cobbler, thanks to his daughter, who changed clothes with him and remained in his cell.

Think of Holyrood and the joyous Court and the tragedy of Queen Mary; of how Robert Prendergast sought sanctuary at the high altar, was threatened with starvation by the English soldiery surrounding the Abbey, and was drawn up through a hole in the roof and sent his way in the frock and cowl of a canon; of how that same Abbey saw Alastair, rebel Lord of the Isles, make humble submission to King James I.—"a wild-looking figure, clad only in a shirt, which walked straight up the aisle, holding a naked sword by the point, and, dropping upon one knee before the King, sitting within the altar rails, offered him the hilt."

Consider Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II., who was surprised to see "the poor, almost naked, begging at the church doors, depart with joy on their faces on receiving stones as alms": "the great forest in which David I. had had his adventure on Holy Cross Day was even then a thing of the past, and the Edinburgh coal-fields were just beginning to be made use of."

Recall the Palace on that Monday, Sept. 16, 1745, when "James VIII., King of Scotland, England, France and Ireland," had been proclaimed at the Cross, and alarm bells and joy bells jangled and jingled together. "Until the 31st of October the tartan reigned supreme at Holyrood . . . but, in spite of the popular tradition, eye-witnesses have left it on record that in those days the Prince was

child with a lame leg . . . 'that silly, tiresome little boy'; Scott and his first love affair, with Margaret Stewart; Scott at No. 6, North St. David Street, in "the lodging-house, third-rate and uncomfortable, in which he spent two months after his bankruptcy"; the study at 39, North Castle Street, where the novelist worked with his cat on the library steps and his staghound stretched on the hearthrug. Robert Louis Stevenson "advocate," whose total fees were four guineas, "the spoilt, conceited young fool" who wore a velvet coat."

Raeburn, also; and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Raeburn as a goldsmith's apprentice, drawing stealthily and coming to the notice of David Deuchar, the engraver, who taught him and set him on the path to fame. Hogg as visitor to Mrs. Scott. The Shepherd was shown into the drawing-room and found Mrs. Scott reclining gracefully on a sofa. "Unused to paying calls, the shepherd pondered for a moment when he was asked to sit down, then, deciding that 'he could never do wrong' if he 'copied the lady of the house,' he pushed up a second sofa and stretched his bulky form full length upon it."

With many another, native or visitor.

The eighteenth century Deacon Brodie—"a neat figure in a black tail-coat and knee breeches, with a highly respectable hat and cane . . . Deacon Brodie the Town Councillor, and Deacon of Incorporated Trades," one you might have met again at night "well disguised, with shabby clothes and mask, creeping stealthily up the old turnpike stair, carrying a dark lantern and skeleton keys, bent upon robbing a man with whom he had been supping, perhaps, only an hour or two before."

That Lord Monboddo who "had a passion, and that passion was for the 'Ancients.' The Greeks were the models for every man to copy, and their ways were his ways. At his supper-parties his guests sat down to a flower-strewn table and poured their wine from bottles garlanded with roses, while conversation ran on subjects of high philosophy."

Archbishop Beaton, who struck his breast to emphasise an oath, so that the armour beneath his robes resounded to the blow; and the franker writing-master, John Maclure, who, playing his part in 1745, "made himself a breastplate of a quire of his thickest writing-paper, inscribing on the topmost sheet, 'This is the body of John Maclure, pray give it a Christian burial,' for the benefit of those who would find him later, laid low on the field of battle."

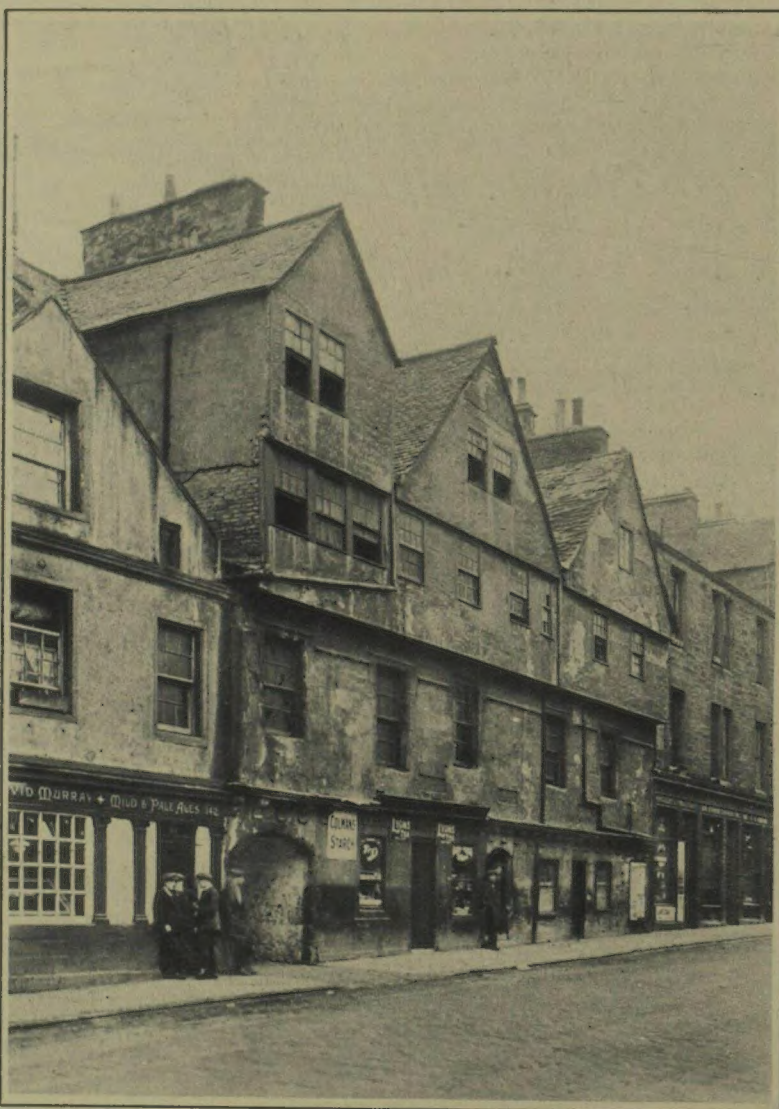
De Quincey, who took opium as freely as other men took claret, but lived to be seventy-four—unconscious for the earlier part of the day; roused by the afternoon; less torpid by the evening; by midnight a genius once more; by three or four in the morning at the height of brilliance.

Thus to others: Carlyle; that Constable who was the Tsar of Publishers and paid "ten, even twenty guineas a sheet for a review, £2000 or £3000 for a single poem;

and £1000 each for two philosophical dissertations"; William Blackwood; Dickens, so idolised that he declared that "it beat all natur"; Thackeray, hissed for disparaging Mary Queen of Scots; Sir James Young Simpson, who discovered chloroform and, trying it upon himself and his two assistants, was "under the mahogany in a trice" and was credited with being drunk; and thus and thus of those whose eccentricities were greater than their brains, and of those of whom it could be said, as it was of Lord Blair: "God Almighty spared nae pains when he made your brains!"

Truly "The Romance of the Edinburgh Streets" deserves its title. The author has avoided "Baedekerism" with most praiseworthy assiduity, and especially the architectural side of the guide-book. Her "stars" are for people rather than for places; and the resulting work is one of the greatest interest, a study of personalities by a personality.

E. H. G.



THE FINEST SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE SURVIVING IN EDINBURGH: HUNTLY HOUSE, CANONGATE.

This three-gabled timber-fronted building was the town house of George Gordon, the second Marquess of Huntly, who refused to sign the Covenant, swearing that they might take his head from his shoulders before they took his heart from his King. Ten years later he died for the cause, on the scaffold at the Market Cross.

Reproduced from "The Romance of the Edinburgh Streets," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen. Photograph by B. C. Clayton.

more at home in the camp at Duddingston than in the gallery at Holyrood, and that the youth and beauty of Edinburgh found him cold and shy, and less like the fairy prince of romance than they expected. After Culloden, a victorious general entered Holyrood once more, but this time it was Cumberland. . . . The last spark of bygone splendour was extinguished."

Then turn to other scenes and other personages; scenes well-nigh forgotten, personages familiar and unfamiliar.

Burns, Scott, and R.L.S., of course. Burns, the young Ayrshire farmer, in Baxter's Close, "so poor that all he could afford was a share of his friend John Richmond's bed . . . for which he paid the landlady three shillings a week"; Burns when no festivity was complete without his poetry, his talk, his ideas, his clothes and manners. Scott, "a small

* "The Romance of the Edinburgh Streets." By Mary D. Steuart (Methuen and Co.; 7s. 6d. net.)

ANOTHER NEW VERMEER? A LOAN PICTURE EXHIBITED IN BERLIN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF DR. VON BODE, CURATOR OF THE KAISER FRIEDRICH MUSEUM, BERLIN. ARTICLE BY BASIL S. LONG, OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



ACCEPTED BY DR. VON BODE AS AN AUTHENTIC WORK BY JAN VERMEER OF DELFT: "THE PARABLE OF THE UNMERCIFUL SERVANT," A HITHERTO UNKNOWN PICTURE (30 IN. BY 22 IN.) DISCOVERED IN ENGLAND, AND NOW ON VIEW IN BERLIN.

THE discovery of a painting by Vermeer of Delft is always an event of importance—firstly because he ranks as one of the greatest artists of the old Dutch school, and secondly because his pictures are relatively very rare. Some sixty years ago, only about fifteen examples were known; twenty years since the number had increased to about thirty; while some forty are now listed, though they are not all accepted as authentic by every expert. News has now come from Germany of the discovery of a hitherto unknown picture by Vermeer, of which, thanks to the courtesy of Dr. Von Bode, we are able to publish a reproduction. The painting, which measures about 22 in. by 30 in., was acquired in England, and belongs to Mr. Eugene Bolton, of London, and Herr Paul Bottenweiser, of Frankfurt, who have lent it to an exhibition organised by the Kaiser Friedrich Museumsverein at Berlin. The subject is "The Parable of the Unmerciful Servant," and, though Vermeer is not known to have painted many religious subjects, another example is to be found in his "Christ in the House of Mary and Martha," in the Coats Collection at Glasgow. Judging by the photograph, there are traces of Rembrandt's influence in the treatment of the subject; indeed, it appears that an attribution of the picture to Rembrandt has been suggested. The table-cloth is blue-and-white, with a bold pattern; the black-bearded Master is dressed in brown and white, and a soldier has a scarlet cloak across his shoulders. While the ascription of the painting to Vermeer will probably not be accepted without controversy, the fact that so eminent an expert as the veteran Dr. Von Bode considers it an unmistakable Vermeer must carry weight. The absence of a signature is of no importance, for Vermeer rarely signed his pictures. The drawing of the figures is not up to Vermeer's usual standard, and their relative proportions do not seem satisfactory, as the figure of the servant appears small compared with that of the Master, who would be much taller than the former if he stood up. These defects might, however, be accounted for by the fact that the picture belongs, as Dr. Von Bode

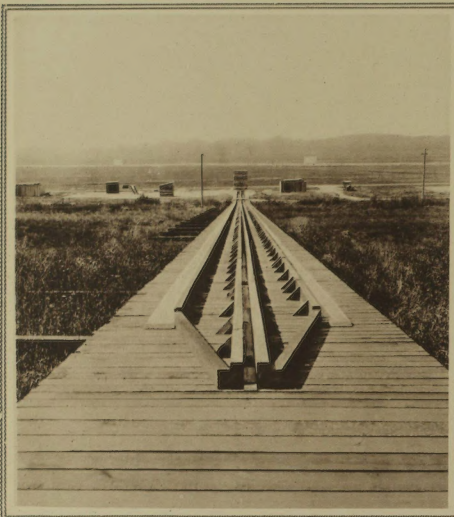
suggests, to Vermeer's early period. Not much is known about the life of Jan Vermeer. He was baptised at Delft on October 31, 1632. He was probably a pupil of Carel Fabritius, whose works are even rarer than Vermeer's. It will be remembered that the National Gallery acquired a fine portrait by Fabritius a few months ago. Vermeer married in 1653, and a few months later became a member of the Delft painters' guild, of which he was president in 1663 and 1671. He had eight children. He was buried at Delft on December 15, 1675. His life seems to have been something of a financial struggle, owing, probably, to the size of his family and the fact that, although he appears to have received what were then good prices for his pictures, he produced but few of them. He has never been quite forgotten; his reputation has been in the ascendant for several decades, and never stood so high as at the present day. One reason for the increased appreciation of his work is the fact that he mastered problems of representing light which have preoccupied many painters of to-day. No one surpassed him in depicting the effect of diffused light and in unifying his compositions by his expression of it. He was not primarily a painter of the soul, like Rembrandt; for Vermeer a human being was a concrete object, of interest by the manner in which it reflected light. He was, in addition, a great colourist. His favourite colours were red, white, blue, lemon-yellow, and black. Many efforts have been made to achieve effects like his, but without success. Most of his pictures represent interiors with figures, but his masterpiece is perhaps the famous large "View of Delft" in the Mauritshuis at The Hague. No reproduction does justice to this splendid landscape, which must be seen to be appreciated. The National Gallery possesses two paintings by Vermeer, each measuring about 20 in. by 18 in.—namely, a "Lady Standing at the Virginals," which was bought in 1892, and a "Lady Seated at the Virginals," which was bequeathed by Mr. Salting in 1910.—BASIL S. LONG.

Within the last fortnight the work of that rare Dutch master, Jan Vermeer of Delft (1632-1675), has come prominently into public notice. In our issue of August 8 we reproduced a picture of his recently acquired by Messrs. Knoedler, of Bond Street, from a French collection, and believed by some to be a portrait of the artist's wife, although the sitter was formerly described as "a young man."

We now reproduce another alleged example of the same painter, confidently ascribed to Vermeer by the famous German art critic and connoisseur, Dr. Von Bode. As mentioned in Mr. Basil Long's article above, this picture, which was acquired in England, is the joint property of Mr. Eugene Bolton and Herr Paul Bottenweiser, and has just been lent by them for exhibition in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin.

TESTING AEROPLANES BY DESTRUCTION: ORGANISED CRASHES

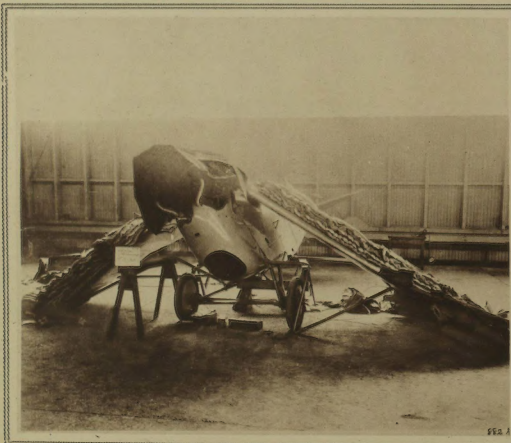
PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION



SHOWING, AT THE FAR END, THE CONCRETE WALL AGAINST WHICH THE MACHINES CRASH, AND SHELTERS FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS: A RUNWAY 560 FT. LONG (WITH GUIDE RAILS FOR THE WHEELS AND A CENTRAL GROOVE FOR THE TAIL-SKID).



WITH ITS WHEELS OUTSIDE THE GUIDE-RAILS AND A U-SHAPED TAIL SKID IN STRIPPED OF ITS WINGS, READY TO START ON



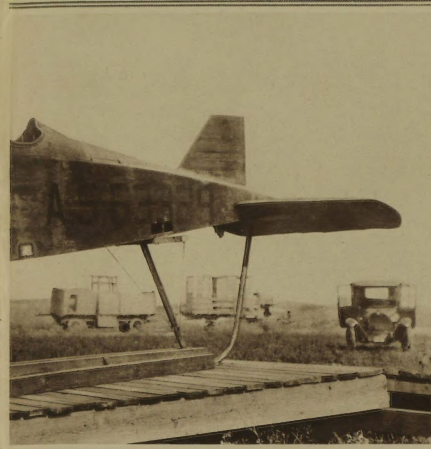
TESTING "TO DESTRUCTION" THE AMOUNT OF PRESSURE NECESSARY TO BREAK DOWN THE WINGS OF AN AEROPLANE: A LOANING MONOPLANE WITH ITS WINGS COLLAPSED UNDER THE WEIGHT OF PILES OF SANDBAGS—SHOWING THE EFFECT ON THE BODY OF THE MACHINE.



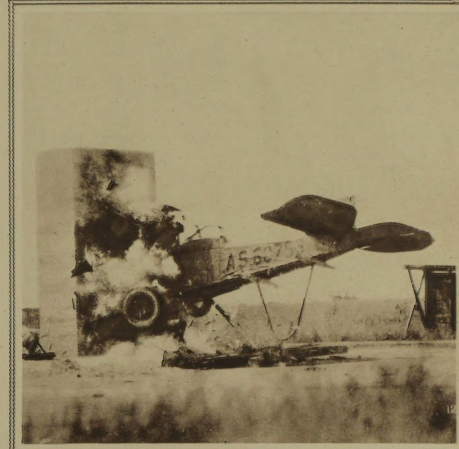
ONE OF THE 20 MACHINES NOT SET ON FIRE BY THE CRASH: (14 FT. HIGH, 10 FT. WIDE, 3 FT. THICK, SUNK 6 FT. INTO THE GROUND)—

AND BREAKING OF BODY AND WINGS UNDER PRESSURE.

SUPPLIED BY C. MORAN.



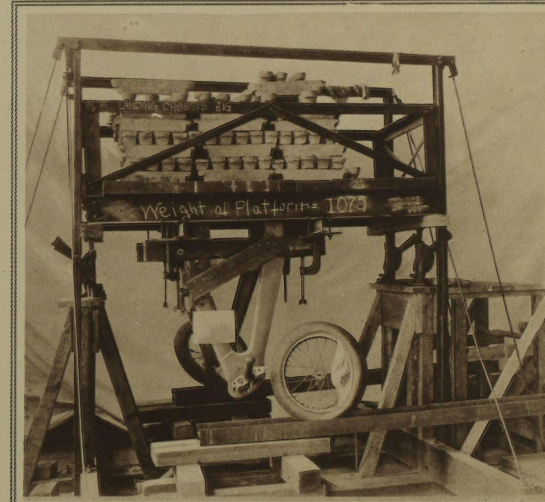
THE CENTRAL GROOVE TO KEEP IT IN POSITION: A CONDEMNED AEROPLANE, ITS RACE TO DESTRUCTION DOWN THE RUNWAY.



THE MOMENT OF IMPACT: A MACHINE CRASHING INTO THE CONCRETE WALL AT THE END OF THE RUNWAY—THE DESTRUCTION OF ONE OF TWENTY-SIX AEROPLANES, ONLY SIX OF WHICH CAUGHT FIRE AFTER THE CRASH.



AN AEROPLANE SHATTERED AGAINST THE CONCRETE WALL. SHOWING (RIGHT) A PHOTOGRAPHER'S SHELTER WITH PEEP-HOLE.



DESTROYING THE CHASSIS OF AN AEROPLANE UNDER GREAT PRESSURE: ONE OF THE TESTS CARRIED OUT AT THE WILBUR WRIGHT FIELD, OHIO, BY THE U.S. ARMY AIR SERVICE, TO DETECT STRUCTURAL WEAKNESSES IN THE INTERESTS OF SAFE FLYING.

Destroying aeroplanes by crashing them at terrific speed against concrete walls, breaking down the wings by piling on lead weights, and destroying the fuselage and wheel carriage under great pressure, comprise the latest American system of detecting aeroplane weaknesses in the interest of safe flying. This orgy of destruction has taken place at Wilbur Wright Field, Ohio, under the direction of the U.S. Army Air Service. Twenty-six planes of various types have been tested to destruction on this runway, one object of which has been to determine the exact cause of fire in aeroplane crashes. At first, petrol was thrown over a hot engine running fully open, but fire did not result unless the petrol was introduced inside the exhaust manifolds. This led to the belief that, with the exception of electrical ignition short-circuiting, hot exhaust stacks were probably the cause of all crash fires. A number of worn-out or obsolescent aeroplanes which had been condemned for service were used in the tests. Except for the removal of the wings and rudder, the planes went down the runway fully equipped as if for service flights. The first plane crashed was a DH4 with Wright engine, complete with fuel and oil tanks and magneto ignition.

Three planes were crashed before the observers were rewarded with fire. This fire started in the end of the exhaust manifold and spread quickly. It was then decided that the flat, head-on collisions did not sufficiently simulate the tail-up, nose-in-the-ground position of actual crashes, and an attempt was made by blocking the runway to throw the plane over on its nose, so that the fuel-tanks would spill their contents over the top part of the engine. A ramp was built of 30-ft. rails, set on an incline of 1 in 10, between the end of the runway and the wall. . . . Petrol entered the exhaust stacks through the upturned ends, and the plane was soon a mass of flames. It was definitely established that the standard exhaust stack was the seat of trouble. Of the twenty-six planes sent down the runway, six caught fire. It was found that rubber-covered tanks reduced the fire hazard by 50 per cent. It is believed, also, that the tendency of the exhaust manifolds to cause fire can be corrected either by means of radiation cooling systems which will keep the manifolds at a temperature below the ignition point of petrol, or by introducing into the manifold a fire-prevention apparatus which will cool the manifold quickly or prevent the entrance of petrol.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TRAVEL and topography are still in season, and at this time of year most of us are busy adding to our "bag" of things seen and places visited. So, while the sportsman goes in search of grouse, your reviewer feels it appropriate to bring down a few more books of the type designed for the holiday-maker, either as souvenirs or suggestions for future adventures.

My first, as the acrostic-makers say, is a book that goes rather beyond the range of the average tourist, but ministers to our general desire to know something of the world we live in. "A WAYFARER IN HUNGARY," by George A. Birmingham. With 16 Illustrations and a Map (Methuen; 8s. 6d. net), is the work of the well-known novelist whose name in private life is Canon Hannay. I select it as representative of Messrs. Methuen's new and very readable "Wayfarer" series of books for travellers, which include also "A Wayfarer in Unknown Tuscany," by Edward Hutton, and "A Wayfarer in Czecho-Slovakia," by E. I. Robson. Canon Hannay's book is the result of two years' residence in Hungary, since (as he recalls) "I was offered the post of chaplain to the British community in Budapest, with the understanding that my 'parish' extended over the whole country."

He has exactly the right touch for a travel-book, a witty, entertaining style, and practised skill in blending personal experiences and anecdotes with descriptive or historical narrative. I began his book as a complete ignoramus on the subject, and ended with a clearer impression of Hungary and the Hungarians than I could have got probably from a hundred more formal volumes. Intending visitors would do well to study his advice on routes and the best way of seeing the country.

Notably interesting, from the pen of a distinguished Irishman, are the comparisons with Ireland. "I wanted to know about Hungary," he says. "Every Irishman must. Was it not a pamphlet called 'The Resurrection of Hungary' which started our Sinn Féin movement? I can remember when that picturesque historical essay was appearing week by week in the *United Irishman*, when it took by storm the imagination of the youth of Ireland, when those who accepted the 'Parallel for Ireland' were nicknamed the 'Green Hungarian Band.' . . . It was inevitable that I should want to know what the Hungarians were really like, and how much of Mr. Arthur Griffith's pamphlet was actual history."

On the politics of Hungary before, during, and since the war, the author's remarks are illuminating and his opinions decided. "The map of Central Europe," he says, "must be re-drawn in the near future. The danger is that a new settlement will be reached by way of another war—a war which it will be almost impossible to localise." He finds that the Hungarians are much more bitter against the Rumanians and the Czechs than against the Serbs on the score of lost territory. The future of Hungary is uncertain, because the spirit of patriotism, hitherto strong, shows signs of weakening. The country is poor, and financially is controlled by Jews—so much so that some wit suggested renaming the capital "Judah Pest."

The book concludes with a biographical chapter in eulogy of Count Stephen Tisza, the Hungarian Premier who did his best in private to prevent the war, but acquiesced in it publicly from loyalty to his Emperor, and in the end, by a cruel irony of Fate, was murdered for having drawn his country into it. "He was a lover of England," writes Canon Hannay, "and even during the war never allowed any feeling of hostility to England to gain ground in Hungary. No 'Hymn of Hate' was ever sung in Budapest. The English who remained there were treated with extraordinary kindness and forbearance. I have talked to many who were in Hungary during the whole of the war, and their testimony is unanimous. The Hungarians, and Count Tisza chiefly, resolutely refused to say or think that they were at war with England."

A very different type of topographical work, on co-operative as against individual lines, is represented by "THE MOUNTAINS OF SNOWDONIA, IN HISTORY, THE SCIENCES, LITERATURE AND SPORT." Edited by Herbert R. C. Carr, M.A., F.R.G.S., Member of the Alpine Club,

and George A. Lister, B.Sc. With 58 Illustrations and Diagrams (The Bodley Head; 25s. net). The statement in the Preface, that "up to the present no attempt has been made to deal comprehensively with any mountain district in Britain," was doubtless well grounded when it was written, but that "curious coincidence" which so often thrusts its long arm into human affairs arranged for the almost simultaneous appearance of a kindred work, noticed here last week—namely, Mr. Seton Gordon's book, "The Cairngorm Hills of Scotland."

In the making of "The Mountains of Snowdonia" many able hands have collaborated. The first of its four parts is historical, and opens with a chapter by Professor J. E. Lloyd on "The Mountains in Legend and History." Then follow "Nomenclature of the Snowdonian Hills," by E. W. Steeple; "The Coming of the Mountaineer," by G. A. Lister; "The History of Pen-y-Gwryd," by H. R. C. Carr; and "The Industrial Activities of Snowdonia," by R. D. Richards. Part II., under the head of Science, contains "The Geology of Snowdonia," by Edward Greenly; "Bird Life in the Mountains," by Professor Kennedy Orton; "Notes on the Flora of Snowdonia," by Professor J. B. Farmer; "The Weather of Snowdonia," by A. Lockwood and Professor Kennedy Orton; and "Cartography and Maps," by G. A. Lister. Part III., devoted to Literature, consists of two chapters—"Snowdon in Welsh Poetry," by L. J. Roberts, and "Snowdonia in English Literature," by Ernest A. Baker. In Part IV., under Sport, we have

with no special knowledge of the locality or its scientific aspects, and with no "peaks" to my credit beyond a dimly remembered ascent of Helvellyn over Striding Edge with Wilfrid Walter and his brother, and rambles to the top of Ingleborough and Pen-y-Gant on the Yorkshire moors. The portions that attracted me most of all were Mr. Carr's chapter on mountaineering (which with its practical hints should be valuable to aspiring climbers), those on the history of the two mountain inns, Pen-y-Gwryd and Pen-y-Pass, and that on the Ogwen district. These last three chapters are full of human interest, with their personal reminiscences of climbers past and present, adventurous feats, and idyllic revelry.

Among the happy company that foregathered in the old days at Pen-y-Pass, one figure stands out in tragic relief—that of George Leigh Mallory, who afterwards perished on Everest—"in all probability" (to quote Mr. G. W. Young) "the first man to reach the supreme summit of the world's surface; so original and apart in his climbing, and in himself, that it never occurred to us to compare him with others or to judge of his performance by ordinary mountaineering standards. A Sir Galahad (as he was called)—chivalrous, indomitable, the unchanging and beautiful personification of youthful adventure. . . . On a day he might be with us; on the next gone like a bird on the wing over the summits, to explore some unknown precipice between Snowdon and the sea." Mallory, it would seem, shared Sir William Watson's belief that—

Not two
The mountain heart may enter . . .

In such memories lives the poetry of modern Snowdonia, awaiting its "sacred bard." In the past, save for Gray's ode, quoted by Mr. Baker on the literary inspirations of that region, the Welsh mountains cannot claim much in the first flight of English song. The native poetry may be great in the original Welsh, but is not particularly impressive in translation.

From Wales we turn to another Celtic region in "UNKNOWN CORNWALL," by C. E. Vulliamy, F.R.G.S. With Illustrations in colour and black-and-white by Charles Simpson, R.I., R.O.I. (The Bodley Head; 15s. net). Having both family and literary connections with a corner of "the rocky land," I naturally turned first to see what the author had to say about it, and received a slight shock on finding the name of the Cornish parson-poet, Hawker of Morwenstow, stated incorrectly as "Richard Stephen." The error is rather surprising in a book issued from the Bodley Head, and containing on a later page an advertisement of "The Life and Letters of Robert Stephen Hawker," also published there. However, I bear no grudge, and will not "gloat" upon a single slip, for the author speaks generously of my father-in-law, though leaning rather heavily on his eccentric side. Is Mr. Vulliamy right in saying that Hawker is "now hardly remembered"?

It is a tribute to the inexhaustible romance of Cornwall, which, as the author recalls, possesses already "a vast literature," that he has been able to add thereto a book of such freshness and fascination. Occasionally he gives the impression of being a little ill at ease under the title imposed by a series insisting on the "unknown"—hard to find nowadays anywhere. While allotting two chapters to Penzance, St. Ives, and Falmouth, he omits a good many more obscure coast places. "I have never walked," he says, "all round the coast from Marsland Mouth to Cawsand Bay (I doubt whether anyone has)." Here, I fancy, he must be mistaken: in fact, I have myself (no doubt like many other pedestrians) done practically all the cliff paths, at different times and in one direction or the other, on Shanks's pony. That patient animal can negotiate places inaccessible—thank heaven!—to the motor-car. Mr. Vulliamy thinks it best to walk alone. I used to think so, too, but now I prefer some congenial companion. Space for further comment fails, and I can only add that his book is thoroughly enjoyable, especially the chapters on the moors and prehistoric sites, and the old bits from Carew, Gilbert, and Borlase. The illustrations are on a lavish scale, and Mr. Simpson's delightful pictures and drawings reflect the true atmosphere of Cornwall.

C. E. B.



THE SECOND QUEEN OF ROUMANIA TO BE INITIATED TO THE GORSEDD OF BARDS AT THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD: QUEEN MARIE (CENTRE) IN BARDIC ROBES, WITH DAME MARGARET LLOYD GEORGE (NEXT TO RIGHT).

Queen Marie of Roumania was initiated as a member of the Gorsedd of Bards at the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Pwllheli on August 6, taking the Bardic title of Mari Gwalla (Marie of Wales). She recalled that her aunt, the late Queen of Rumania, was initiated at Bangor in 1890, as Carmen Silva. Dame Margaret Lloyd George handed to Queen Marie the green robe and hood of an ovate, and a little girl presented a bouquet of roses. On the left are seen Mrs. Wynne Griffith, Mayoress of Pwllheli, and Mr. Caradoc Evans, Secretary of the Eisteddfod.

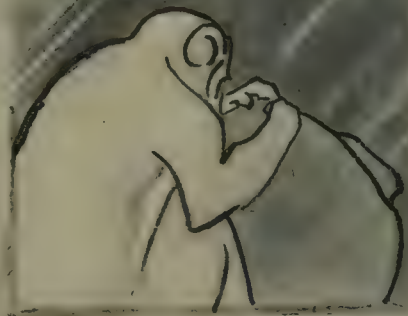
Photograph by Central Press.

"Mountaineering," by H. R. C. Carr; "An Impression of Pen-y-Pass," by Geoffrey Winthrop Young; "Modern Climbing in the Ogwen District," by C. F. Holland; "Camping in the Hills," by H. Priestley-Smith; and "Notes on Angling," by A. Lockwood. There are also four Appendices, comprising maps, meteorological records, and "Notes on the Pronunciation of Welsh Place-Names," by H. Parry Williams. The illustrations include a colour frontispiece—"The Heart of Snowdon," and many fine photographs, some of mountaineering incidents, as thrilling as any film-stunt to the uninitiate, though all in the day's work to the expert rock-climber.

The mere recitation of this catalogue of contents, "bald as the bare mountain-tops are bald," seemed the fairest and most convenient way of indicating the wide scope and manifold interest of the volume. Whether it was a wise policy, from the commercial point of view, to put so many and diverse literary eggs into "one basket" can only be tested by results. A reader would need to be very versatile to be equally absorbed in all the sections of such a comprehensive work, and I should imagine the book will appeal mainly to those who have a lifelong association with the district, rather than to the casual visitor. Personally, I approached it as a typical "general reader,"

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO."—No. XXIII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



"Fine weather's going"



"I wonder whether it is going
To clear up again?"



"Still raining,
Nothing doing"



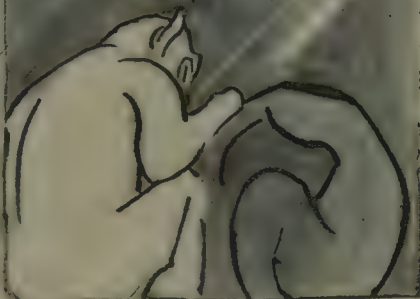
"Not a nut
in sight"



"Not a
feather moving"



"So you see, Blinx;
There is always work for idle hands"



"Well—we had better get on with
The work"

J. A. S.

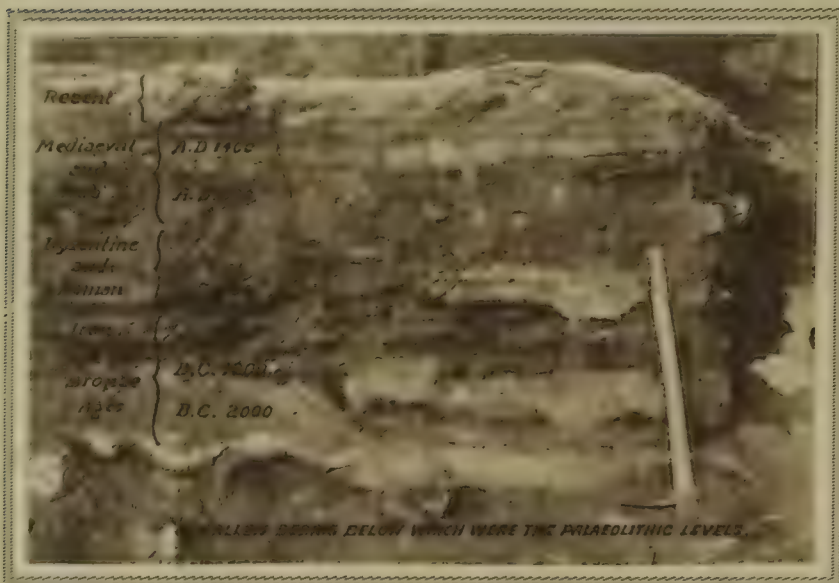
BLINX AND BUNDA OVERHEAR MONKEY-TALK WHILE SHELTERING FROM THE RAIN.

Blinx and Bunda don't like the break in the weather. You can see that it has, very literally, damped their spirits. Anyhow, a little eavesdropping has proved that the monkeys don't feel a bit livelier either. Two of them began by trying to console one another and inspire hope—but evidently

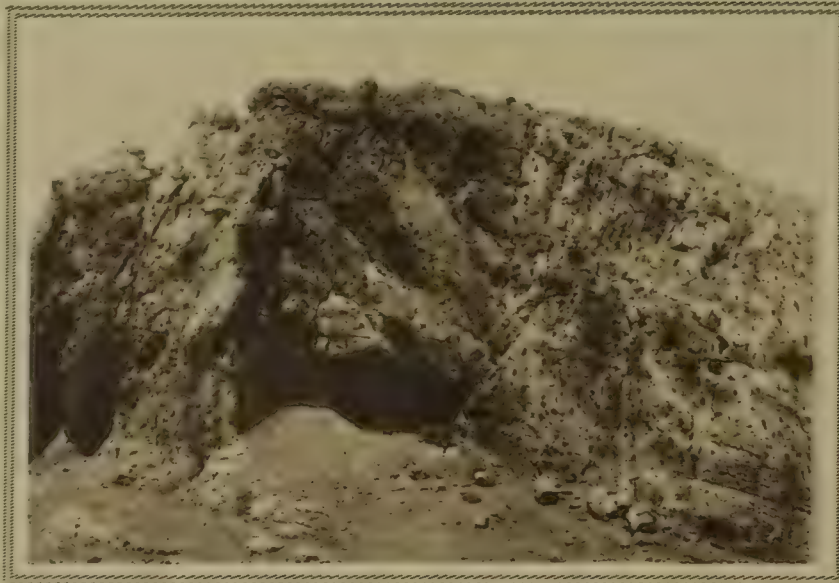
neither had any talents as a weather prophet. Rain or sunshine, however, our "poor relations" are not made for doing nothing long. And as it isn't going to stop raining just to please them, they've decided to "get on with the work."—Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

PREHISTORIC GALILEE: A SKULL FOUND IN THE ROBBERS' CAVE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHÆOLOGY IN JERUSALEM AND MR. F. TURVILLE-PETRE. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 304.)



SHOWING THE SUCCESSIVE HISTORICAL STRATIFICATIONS ABOVE THE PALÆOLITHIC MOUSTERIAN LEVELS: A SECTION OF SOIL IN THE ROBBERS' CAVE, WHERE THE GALILEE SKULL WAS FOUND.



WHERE THE GALILEE SKULL WAS FOUND, IN MIDDLE PALÆOLITHIC DEPOSITS CONTAINING REMAINS OF MOUSTERIAN CULTURE, BENEATH TWO LATER PALÆOLITHIC LAYERS: THE ROBBERS' CAVE.



THE ACTUAL SCENE OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE GALILEE SKULL: THE INTERIOR OF THE ROBBERS' CAVE (MUGHARET EL ZUTTIYE), ONCE THE HOME OF PRIMITIVE MEN, AS INDICATED BY REMAINS OF PREHISTORIC HEARTHES, ANIMAL BONES, AND FLINT IMPLEMENTS—SHOWING MEMBERS OF MR. TURVILLE-PETRE'S EXCAVATING PARTY.

A discovery of great interest, from an anthropological point of view, was announced recently by the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem. During excavations in a rocky valley near Tabgha, north of Tiberias, Mr. F. Turville-Petre found, in a cavern containing deposits of flint implements of Mousterian type, the frontal bone and other fragments of the skull of a primitive man. The Galilee skull, as it has been named, is of special interest as it corresponds in form and character—notably in the great brow-ridges, receding forehead, and thickness of bone—with the Neanderthal type in Europe. In the cavern where it was found, known as the Robbers' Cave (Mugharet el Zuttiye), two sections of soil showing stratifications of historical and

prehistoric periods have been left visible, in view of an international congress of archæologists which it is proposed to hold in Palestine next spring. Describing the scene of his discovery, near the western shores of the Lake of Galilee, some six miles north-west of Tiberias, Mr. Turville-Petre writes: "Of the streams which water the Plain of Gennesaret, the most important is the Wadi el Amud, the Valley of the Column (illustrated on page 304). . . . In the face of a massive limestone cliff are two small caverns, or rock shelters. . . . In front of the entrance [to the smaller cave] beneath a mixed crust deposit containing remains of all periods from Neolithic to modern days . . . was a homogeneous clayey deposit,

[Continued opposite.

NEANDERTHAL MAN IN GALILEE: THE NEW SKULL, AND KINDRED TYPES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHÆOLOGY IN JERUSALEM AND MR. F. TURVILLE-PETRE. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 304.)



WITH HUGE BROW-RIDGES, THICK BONE, AND RECEDING FOREHEAD, AS IN NEANDERTHAL MAN OF EUROPE: THE MAIN FRAGMENT OF THE GALILEE SKULL—THE FRONTAL BONE.



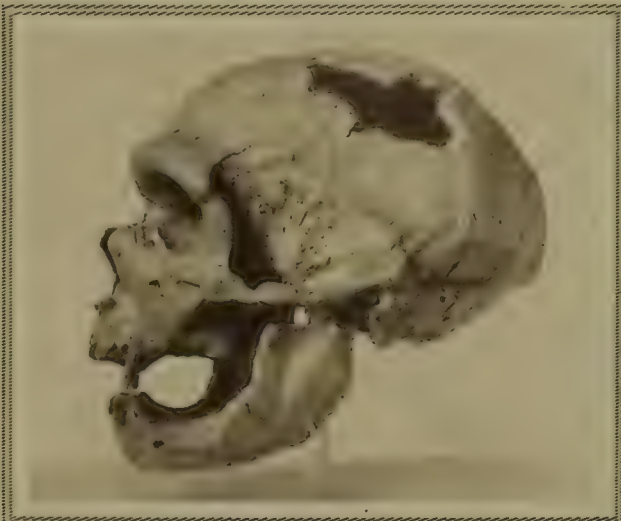
FOR COMPARISON WITH THE GALILEE SKULL: A NEANDERTHAL SKULL FROM GIBRALTAR.



THE SAME GIBRALTAR SKULL OF NEANDERTHAL TYPE: A VIEW IN PROFILE.



ANOTHER NEANDERTHAL TYPE FOR COMPARISON: A SKULL FROM CHAPELLE AUX SAINTES.



WITH HEAVY BROW-RIDGES, AS IN THE GALILEE SKULL: THE CHAPELLE AUX SAINTES SPECIMEN.



IMPORTANT AS SHOWING THAT THE NEANDERTHAL TYPE OF MAN EXISTED IN ASIA AS WELL AS IN EUROPE: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FRONTAL BONE OF THE GALILEE SKULL FOUND IN THE ROBBERS' CAVE, NEAR TABGHA.

Continued.]

some 18 inches thick, containing worked flint implements . . . together with a considerable quantity of bone with a thick lime incrustation. A similar deposit was found beneath a crust layer on the floor of the larger cave. . . . The implements in question would seem to be late Palæolithic in type, and to correspond to those of the Aurignacian period in Europe. . . . Having thus established by excavation the existence in Palestine of a culture apparently characteristic of Late Palæolithic times, it is now necessary to determine the true relation of this culture to earlier and later culture phases. This can only be done by further excavation, and promising sites are not far to seek. . . . High up in the cliffs

overlooking the stream, we find the 'Robbers' Cave.' This cave is the largest in the neighbourhood, measuring some 74 ft. in depth by 40 ft. in breadth, and more than 60 ft. in height." In the notes supplied with the photographs it is stated: "The excavations [in the Robbers' Cave] revealed a layer of deposits of the Middle Palæolithic period below two layers of Palæolithic deposits, and it was in the lowest stratum that were found remains of Mousterian culture of a transitional period, together with the skull fragments." The discovery is discussed by Mr. M. C. Burkitt on page 304 of this number, and on page 322 is further described by Professor Garstang, Director of the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem.

PREHISTORIC DISCOVERY IN SACRED SOIL : THE GALILEE SKULL.

By M. C. BURKITT, F.S.A.

FOR some time past the especial attention of archaeologists has turned towards the Near East. Discoveries in Mesopotamia have opened up to our gaze the wonderful early cultures of those regions, while the importance of the vast empire of the Hittites in the chain of human history is only just beginning to be properly realised. But to the west, in Palestine and the regions thereabout, the explorer has not been idle, and the results obtained by various organised investigations are most interesting and full of promise for reward in future undertakings. Not least have we to thank Dr. Garstang

with human remains. Similarly it can be determined that the Middle Palæolithic period coincides with—or rather, “straddles across”—the coldest moment of the last great glacial phase we have just mentioned; while the Lower Palæolithic cultures stretch back through previous interglacial and glacial periods. Remains of these earliest industries have already been found in Palestine, though, according to Bayer, they are later in time than the same industries in our more westerly areas. Upper Palæolithic remains have also been recognised, though all the Western subdivisions of culture do not seem to be present; for example,

there is as yet no evidence for the presence of Solutrean man. The finding of Mousterian (*i.e.*, Middle Palæolithic) remains, especially now of a man of that type, completes the series.

Considering more particularly Mousterian man, there are three problems that should be kept in view, and it is these problems that this and other like discoveries will help to solve. First and foremost comes the question, “What were the real racial characteristics of this extraordinary people?” Our present knowledge is derived from the study of all too few, and in many cases all too fragmentary, finds coming mainly from the French caves. The more well-preserved skeletal remains are found, the more possible will it be to say surely that such and such anatomical details are necessarily typical. Of course the general lines are already well known. Readers of *The Illustrated London News*

rich finds of this age have been made south of Algeria, and, still further afield, the Rhodesian skull must not be forgotten. But, even in spite of all this, whether Africa is to be considered as a *cradle* or a *museum* is still an unanswered question. Thus Mousterian remains are found over a wide area which can be more or less connected with Europe (France and the Riviera, Spain, England, and Germany, where they are common), but whether we can correlate with these finds tools of a somewhat similar shape from far-distant countries such as Australia is quite another matter. Typology alone is by no means a safe guide. However, the recent discoveries of Père Teilhard in China are “backed up” seemingly by the bones of the associated fauna.

Another important consideration in studying the migration of peoples and trying to find theories to fit the facts is the type of country through which movement is possible. Open country free from forest must always be looked for. In this connection the profound climatic changes which have taken place since the last great phase of the Ice Age modify the question. Dryness setting in thins the primeval forest, allowing man to migrate over and to live in areas of hitherto pathless jungle; while a return of warm, moist conditions forces him to retreat elsewhere, driven away by the advancing overpowering vegetation. Loess lands are, however, always forest-free, for this light, sandy, wind-borne earth does not permit dense tree growth. We therefore find that the loess lands formed the highways for prehistoric migrations.

Finally, the question may well be asked as to what became of the Neanderthal race—whether it became extinct or whither it retreated. Probably it did neither; a remnant at any rate became merged in the later superior Upper Palæolithic culture, which in its turn, no doubt, supplied elements to the race of agriculturists and nomads—the men of the New Stone Age, our own ancestors. Where this final development took place is not clearly known, though it was probably somewhere in Central Asia, now desert, but once damp and fertile, with the early post-glacial climate, and excellent for human habitation. But Early Neolithic man has also been already found in Palestine, and who knows but that more information as to the early practice of agriculture, and other



CONTAINING THE CAVE IN WHICH THE GALILEE SKULL WAS FOUND: THE VALLEY OF THE COLUMN (WADI EL AMUD) NEAR THE LAKE OF GALILEE AND THE PLAIN OF GENNESARET—SHOWING THE ROCK-PILLAR FROM WHICH IT IS NAMED.

The cave itself is high up in the cliff, and is one of many caves in the neighbourhood.

Photograph by Courtesy of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem, and Mr. F. Turville-Petre.

(Director of the British School of Archaeology at Jerusalem) and his colleagues for many discoveries that have thrown light on various historic and prehistoric problems; and there is no doubt that, given sufficient supply of funds, our knowledge will be vastly increased in the future.

But although the study of the immediate past is always enthralling—especially in Palestine, with all its Biblical associations—is not that of remote prehistoric man even more so? His problem was always to maintain the struggle for existence, having none of the aids of our civilisation. And seemingly he succeeded fairly well, though knowing nothing of the use of metals or, in the Old Stone Age, of the possibility of domesticating animals or of agriculture. When it was cold—for the climate, too, was generally against him—he lived in cave mouths or under overhanging rocks on the sunny sides of valleys. Thence he issued forth armed with his stone, and doubtless also wooden, weapons to hunt the game that abounded.

Now it is the skull of just such an early hunter that has been recently unearthed in Palestine by Dr. Garstang and Mr. F. Turville-Petre. Coming from Tabgha, north of Tiberias, where cave digs are in progress, it has been called the Galilee Skull. It dates apparently from Middle Palæolithic or Mousterian times, and is a discovery of considerable importance from several points of view. The “Old Stone Age” has been subdivided into three main periods—Lower, Middle, and Upper Palæolithic. The first, the Lower Palæolithic period, embraces those far-distant folk whose pear-shaped and oval stone tools are to be found in most of our museums. With the second (the Middle Palæolithic) we are concerned, for to it belongs that queer race of men called Neanderthal, whose skeletons have been discovered in various parts of the world and to which, it appears, the new skull or portion of skull is to be ascribed. The Upper Palæolithic folk were those who painted and engraved the walls of caves in France and Spain. They were finally succeeded by the New Stone Age, or Neolithic peoples, who were agriculturists or nomads, having pottery and domestic animals.

Roughly speaking, the Upper Palæolithic peoples of Western Europe lived just after the coldest moment at the end of the so-called Great Ice Age, which so influenced the world in quaternary times. This has been shown by studying glacial deposits in connection

have seen reproductions of the queer semi-human, semi-simian type of individual with the low, receding forehead, the deep nasal depression, the chinless mouth projecting far forward, and the curved limbs which give a shambling, anthropoid gait to the creature. But these are only the main features, and there are other less obvious characters, important specially to the anatomist; and every new example, especially one coming from a new area, is useful for purposes of comparison. Again, in France, as far back as these times—perhaps 20,000 years or more ago—there is evidence of a careful ceremonial burial, involving surely some sort of cult of the dead. It will be most interesting to learn, when a full account of the dig and this new find is published, whether there is any evidence for such a careful burial here or not.

The next two problems we should like to have elucidated concern the origin of Neanderthal man and the distribution of the race. A good deal of evidence has accumulated to suggest that the Mousterian culture invaded France (and presumably England too) from Southern Germany, where a sort of proto-Mousterian culture seems to replace the regular Lower Palæolithic industries of France and England. But where the cradle of the race lay and from what it evolved still remains a complete mystery. Its occurrence to the east of the Mediterranean may prove interesting in this connection. But if Bayer is right, and, geologically, the Lower Palæolithic industries of Palestine can be shown to be later in time than those of the West, it would seem that Neanderthal man must have migrated thither, not originated there. Some scientists suggest that Africa was the original home of this race, and Dr. Seligman has demonstrated that many of the numerous flint tools collected from the Egyptian deserts are Mousterian in culture. Again,



WHERE PALÆOLITHIC IMPLEMENTS WERE FOUND RESEMBLING THOSE OF THE AURIGNACIAN PERIOD IN EUROPE: TWO SMALL CAVERNS IN THE WADI EL AMUD (VALLEY OF THE COLUMN), NEAR THE SCENE OF THE DISCOVERY.

These two caverns were first excavated by Mr. Turville-Petre before he went on to the second site, where he found the Galilee skull.

Photographs by Courtesy of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem, and Mr. F. Turville-Petre.

occupations, will not be there revealed? It is a field of research rich in possibilities.

Altogether, our congratulations must go out to the discoverer of these interesting cave deposits, and it is to be hoped that further researches in fresh caves will yield still more skeletons and remains of industries which will help us to fill in the blanks in our present knowledge of the characteristics and distribution of these peoples. What a story the grey hills of Palestine have watched unfolding, from the early struggles for existence of primitive man upwards through the historical periods so important to our modern civilisation! What a story they could tell if only we had ears to hear and they had lips to speak!

A Bad Year for Forest Fires in Canada: One of Over a Thousand this Season.

SHOWING A LOGGING CREW TRANSFERRING FURNITURE TO A LAKE FROM BUILDINGS WHICH WERE IN FLAMES FIVE MINUTES LATER:
A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN JUST AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF A FOREST FIRE AT PORT NEVILLE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Over a thousand forest fires have occurred in Canada this season, which has been almost as disastrous as that of 1922. In Vancouver Island the loss is said to be the greatest in the history of the Province. Lumber mills and farms have been destroyed, and settlers forced to flee for their lives. The fire here illustrated alone did damage to the extent of millions of dollars. Those who have not experienced

them can hardly realise the enormous amount of damage, besides danger and inconvenience, caused by these fires on the Pacific coast of Canada and the United States. In addition to destruction of timber and dwellings, navigation is affected, while smoke clouds turn day into night, and cause much suffering. Aeroplanes are now used to detect outbreaks, and wireless telephony to summon help.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LUKIN JOHNSTON.

The Largest Function in the History of Freemasonry: the Million Memorial Festival.

WHERE THE COMPANY NUMBERED 7000, AND OVER £800,000 WAS ANNOUNCED AS SUBSCRIBED TO THE "MILLION" WAR MEMORIAL:
A GREAT MASONIC LUNCHEON AT OLYMPIA PRESIDED OVER BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

The Masonic Million Memorial Festival, held at Olympia on August 8, was the greatest function in the history of the craft. The Duke of Connaught, as Grand Master, presided over a company numbering more than 7000, and was supported by the Duke of York, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and Viscount Lascelles. The high table, at which they sat, is seen in the left background of our photograph.

The object was to raise funds for a new home for Freemasonry, to be erected in Great Queen Street at a cost of £1,000,000, and it was announced that £826,014 had already been subscribed or promised. The luncheon was the largest ever held in this country, and over 2000 waitresses were employed. The catering arrangements, by Messrs. Lyons, had been admirably organised.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.]

TRAFFIC ON THREE LEVELS: SOLVING STREET CONGESTION.

AFTER DESIGNS BY HARVEY WILEY CORBETT; SUPPLIED BY HAMILTON M. WRIGHT.



A STATE OF THINGS ONLY TO BE REMEDIED BY CONFINING "RAIL," "WHEEL," AND "FOOT" TRAFFIC EACH TO ITS APPOINTED LEVEL: TRAFFIC AS IT IS TO-DAY IN NEW YORK—AND IN LONDON.



THE FIRST STEP IN SOLVING THE CONGESTION PROBLEM: ELEVATED FOOT-PATHS RAISE PEDESTRIANS FROM THE DANGER OF SWIFTLY MOVING VEHICLES, AND GIVE THE WHEELED TRAFFIC A WIDER, FREER ROAD.



THE SECOND STEP: PEDESTRIANS RAISED; WHEELED TRAFFIC IN THE WIDER ROAD; AND LORRIES AND CARS PARKED OR UNLOADING WITHIN THE BUILDING LINE, LEAVING THE ROAD FREE FOR MOVING VEHICLES.



THE THIRD STEP: PEDESTRIANS RAISED; FOOT-BRIDGES OVER STREET CROSSINGS; FAST WHEELED TRAFFIC IN THE CENTRE, WITH SLOW WHEELED TRAFFIC ON EITHER SIDE; PARKING SPACE IN THE BUILDINGS; RAIL TRAFFIC UNDERGROUND.

The problem of the congested traffic of London and other great cities is more complex than ever, and it is obvious that it is of vital importance that it should be solved with as little delay as possible. Our own difficulties are many, for our traffic is getting denser and quicker day by day, our streets are apt to be anything but straight, and we neither demolish nor reconstruct until urgent necessity compels action. In the United States matters are at least as bad: streets are straighter,

and it is the American habit to regard one generation as the life of a building—in great centres at all events; but there are more motors in common use. A Regional Plan Committee, constituted to consider the New York of the future, has divided the traffic into three parts—"foot," "wheel," and "rail." "Rail" is taken to mean anything that runs on fixed rails; "wheel" anything that runs freely; "foot," pedestrian traffic. The prediction is that the only way to relieve

(Continued opposite)

CONGESTION AND ITS CURE: NEW YORK'S TRAFFIC—ITS FUTURE?

AFTER DESIGNS BY HARVEY WILEY CORBETT; SUPPLIED BY HAMILTON M. WRIGHT.



NEW YORK TRAFFIC AS IT IS—IN THE SAME CONGESTED CONDITION AS THAT OF LONDON: GENERAL CONFUSION THAT MAKES MANY A STREET A PROBLEM IN DISORGANISATION THAT MUST BE SOLVED.



NEW YORK TRAFFIC AS IT MIGHT BE: THE SAME STREET, WITH ROAD FREED BY ELEVATED FOOTPATHS—FOR CENTRAL FAST WHEELED TRAFFIC, SIDE-TRACKED SLOW TRAFFIC, AND SIDE PARKING-PLACES.



NEW YORK IN THE NEAR FUTURE? ELABORATE RAISED FOOTPATHS AS PART OF THE BUILDINGS; ROAD BRIDGES; ARCADES AS PARKING-PLACES; WHEELED TRAFFIC IN WELL-DEFINED FAST AND SLOW STREAMS.



THE PROBLEM SOLVED—FOR A WHILE!: ELEVATED FOOTPATHS; ROAD BRIDGES; SIDE PARKING-PLACES; SLOW TRAFFIC ON EITHER SIDE OF THE FAST; FAST TRAFFIC PASSING BELOW FAST TRAFFIC AT CROSS STREETS.

Continued.
the congestion is to keep rail-traffic underground, as, of course, the greater part of it is now; to confine the foot passenger to overhead foot-paths and bridges; to keep the centre of the ground-level roads for fast wheel traffic, and to keep the sides of those roads for slow wheel-traffic. In addition, buildings would be so constructed that vehicles would be parked either within the building line or under the raised foot-paths. An additional precaution would be taken

at street corners, where there would be short underground "roads" so that vehicles passing down main streets would travel under the cross-roads. Our photographs are suggestions and studies by Mr. Harvey Wiley Corbett, the New York architect, shown at the international exhibition in New York City under the auspices of the American Institute of Architects. They will be of equal interest to Londoners.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: HOME NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, BARRATT, AND CENTRAL PRESS.



A PICTURESQUE OLD-TIME SPORT THAT IS STILL PURSUED: THE WOODMEN OF ARDEN ENGAGED IN THEIR ANNUAL ARCHERY CONTEST AT MERIDEN, NEAR COVENTRY.



WITH A SCREEN TO PROTECT HIM FROM STRAY ARROWS: THE MARKSMAN, IN TRADITIONAL COSTUME, SIGNALLING THE RESULTS OF SHOTS IN THE ARCHERY COMPETITION AT MERIDEN



TESTING THE NEW TEMPORARY WATERLOO BRIDGE: THIRTY MOTOR-OMNIBUSES FILLED WITH SAND-BAGS REPRESENTING PASSENGERS, AND WEIGHING 6½ TONS EACH, CROSSING THE BRIDGE.



AFTER THE RIOT AT AMMANFORD AND THE FIGHT BETWEEN STRIKERS AND POLICE: SOME OF THE WRECKED COLLIERY BUILDINGS AT NO. 2 PIT.



A V.C.'S GREAT CHANNEL SWIM: COL. FREYBERG (IN THE WATER) PREVENTED BY THE TIDE FROM REACHING DOVER WHEN 500 YARDS OFF SHORE.

The Woodmen of Arden began their annual archery competition at Meriden, near Coventry, on August 6.—The new temporary bridge alongside Waterloo Bridge was tested on August 8, with a view to its being opened to traffic on the 12th. It took just a year to build, the first pile having been driven on August 13, 1924.—The anthracite strike in South Wales led to a serious riot at Ammanford on August 5, when hundreds of miners attacked the pit-head at Colliery No. 2, because the management had refused to stop officials attending to the pumps, unless the strikers provided substitutes. The police, who hastily summoned



THE PREMIER PRESENTED WITH THE FREEDOM OF BEWDLEY (HIS NATIVE TOWN) AND CLAY PIPES: (L. TO R.) MR. BALDWIN, ALDERMAN J. OAKES, AND THE MAYOR.

reinforcements, made baton charges, and severe fighting followed. Many injured were taken to hospital.—Lieut.-Col. Bernard Freyberg, V.C., almost succeeded in swimming the Channel on August 5, when he got within 500 yards of the Dover shore, after 16 hr. 44 min. in the water. The tide robbed him of success after a magnificent feat. He was ready to go on if his pilot and trainer had thought him equal to another six hours' effort.—On August 8 the Prime Minister received the Freedom of Bewdley, his birthplace and constituency. Alderman Joseph Oakes presented him with specimens of Bewdley wares, including black clay pipes.

"THESE ARE FLOWERS OF MIDDLE SUMMER."

FROM THE PAINTING BY BARBARA JOHNSON (MRS. WALLACE STRATTON). BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND MESSRS WALKER'S GALLERIES, LTD., 118, NEW BOND STREET. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"THE BOUQUET."

This charming study of familiar English flowers—"flowers of middle summer," as Shakespeare puts it in "A Winter's Tale"—is the work of Barbara Johnson (Mrs. Wallace Stratton), who is a daughter of the late Mr. E. K.

Johnson, R.W.S. Mrs. Stratton's recent exhibition of flower-paintings at the Walker Galleries proved a great attraction. Her picture of roses in the Royal Academy was sold on the third day, and she was also successful there last year.



BRITISH GAME BIRDS WHOSE CLOSE SEASON IS NEARLY OVER: "DRIVEN BLACKGAME."—BY J. C. HARRISON.

Several examples of Mr. J. C. Harrison's delightful landscape studies of British game birds have already appeared in our pages, in the issues for October 4 and September 27 last year. Next November another autumn exhibition of his work will be held at the galleries of Messrs. Vicars Brothers, in Old Bond Street. The close season for blackgame ends on August 19, except in Somerset, Devon, and the New Forest, where it continues until August 31.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY J. C. HARRISON. (COPYRIGHTED.)

Your unseen health eye

*Mother—
the health doctor*



Mothers know dirt for what it is—and fear it.

They will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty streets, dirty homes or dirty children.

Lifebuoy Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection against the dangers of dirt.

Mothers know that Lifebuoy lather goes down deep into every pore, and removes impurities. They know that Lifebuoy keeps the skin soft, pliable, and glowing with health—that it is bland, pure and soothing to the tenderest skin—even that of a baby.



OUR bodies were meant to be healthy, but we never understand what health means until disease robs us of it. A healthy body fights disease, but the danger of infection is always present. There comes a time when resistance weakens—when the children are “off colour,” or you yourself get run down. Then the germs strike.

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*Buy Lifebuoy in the new
pack, two large cakes
in a carton*



**Lifebuoy Soap
for HEALTH**

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

A MANAGER ON CASTING PLAYS.

WE were talking about casting plays, the manager and I; and he, who has some two hundred productions to his credit—mainly in the provinces—enjoys the reputation that he very rarely makes a mistake. He has been some thirty-five years in the business, and he said with some pride that he knew nearly all the actors worthy of the name in the United Kingdom. I looked at him quizzingly, and he said, "I see you doubt my word; but it is Gospel truth. But then I am, unlike many of my colleagues, a peripatetic manager. When I have launched a play, and am convinced that things can run their course under the eagle eye of my stage manager, I pack my traps, look into the *Stage* list of tours, and roam about in big towns and in small with my note-book, and I never return without some discovery to be exploited later on. It is astounding," he went on, "what an amount of talent is to be found in provincial companies if you will only take the trouble to seek it." He reeled off a series of names now familiar to London (both Horace Hodges and Ralph Lynn figured in it). "All of them," he said, "were to be had for the asking some years ago; but my brethren in London knew them scarcely or not at all." He modestly added that it was not he who had found the two favourites named, but to his credit stand others perhaps not so renowned, whom he had ear-marked in his little book and given some big chance in his repertory, or piloted to the Metropolis with such letters of introduction as could not fail to be an "open sesame." "But I prithee," he implored, "do not mention my name, lest the flood be upon me! For that is the worst of it when you help an artist on. In gratitude, he sends you scores of applicants because you are 'so helpful and so kind.' And then comes the heartrending task of segregating grains of wheat from bundles of chaff."

We then drifted into the discussion of casting, and he said: "To cast well you must have a visualising eye and an ear of imperceptible yet perfect attunement. In other words, when you read a play you must at a glance see the right person in the right place, and not only see him, but hear him also. You must be able to judge whether his voice and his appearance are thus matched to realise the character. That is Chapter I.—or rather, the preface. And, by the way, when reading the script you should, as it were, divide your conception of each character—see three people at the same time suitable to each part. For you may not be able to get the actor whom you fancy most; or you may not be able to pay his salary. Therefore you must always be ready with an approaching number two or a not unlikely number three. The next step is to see your man—and when I say 'man' for short, I mean both actors and actresses.

You must talk to him about the part, and, while he talks, you must examine in how far his concrete being tallies with the one you visualised. There is too much slap-dash 'sampling' in our profession. When you summon actors for a possible engagement,

you should give them time first to recover when they are ushered into your—ahem!—'august' presence; you should make them feel comfortable and speak for themselves. No one can do himself justice when rushed or awed; you never get the best out of a man

night, and come on the morrow to read the part aloud and calmly, so that he may know what it is all about. Do you know," he interpolated, "that in many cases a part with nothing but cues for guidance is flung at an actor, who is expected to rehearse without

knowing anything of the context of the play? A very well-known actor confessed to me that once he, who had to play a very effective part in the second act only, had never a complete idea of what happened in the rest of the play. He came and played at the appointed time, and went home when his 'bit' was done. Not a real artist, you will say; but his excuse was that he had read the notices, and that the play was such 'footie' that he could employ his time better than to see it steadily and whole. However, that is by the way, and in well-ordered companies the actor reads the play in which he is to perform or he is bidden to a reading by the producer with the rest of the company. But still I hold that no part that matters should be entrusted to an actor without his having read it *in camera* to the manager and producer before he begins to rehearse.

"It is in this reading that one can detect the right personality. A man may read well or badly—some actors are never in the skin of a part until they have learnt it by heart—but the practised hand knows at once whether he

has the character' in his grasp, whether he has gone beyond the surface, has fathomed the author's meaning, has the equipment within as well as in aspect of the figure he is to vitalise. It was Lessing, I think, who said, 'If the actor is made by the word,

how much more the making of the word reveals the actor! Indeed, it is often by the intention and meaning lent to a single phrase that the actor betrays whether his conception is right in the spirit of the author—or awry. I once let a girl read Nora in Ibsen's 'Doll's House,' and by her total mis-intonation of a line—'Of the thousands of women who sacrificed their reputation' (I have not the book handy), I knew that she had no idea of the soul of Nora. On the other hand, and on another occasion, when I heard an actor read a certain passage, and was wavering whether in my mental casting I had not made a mistake, he came to a sentence—the one that revealed the mental attitude of the character in terse words—and his penetration was so convincing that I felt completely reassured. He made a great success, and since this experience—an object-lesson to me—I always say to myself when parts are read, 'Never mind what he does with the details; does he get at the root of the character?'—for in every rôle there is somewhere a key to the situation which either unlocks the gates of understanding or leaves them barred. Believe me," he concluded, "production and casting are as indis-

soluble as the Siamese Twins, who, if I remember well, had but one heart between them. And, even if that were a legend, it would, as far as acting is concerned, still signify that the life of a play depends on the material as well as the moulder."



VICTORIAN PRIMNESS AND GEORGIAN REBELLION: "LAVENDER LADIES," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE—(L. TO R.) MISS LOUISE HAMPTON AS ANNE LAVENDER, MISS MARY JERROLD AS HER SISTER ROSE, AND MISS ELISSA LANDI AS THEIR NIECE, APRIL CLEAR.

by making him feel as if he were on trial. Many and many a time (I know it from experience) has the right person been allowed to pass by, and a mis-cast has been the result, because the manager 'flummoxed' his petitioner by making him feel small and abashed.



THE DOUR SCOTS HOUSEKEEPER AND THE WELL-DISCIPLINED PARLOURMAID: MISS JEAN CADELL (RIGHT) AS TABITHA HARROW, AND MISS LYDIA SHERWOOD AS ALICE, IN "LAVENDER LADIES," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

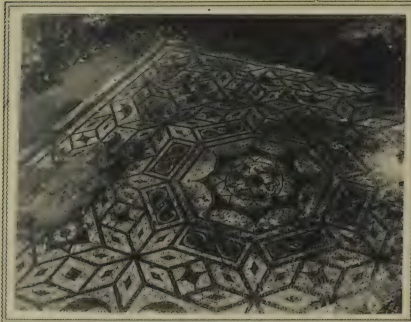
Miss Daisy Fisher's charming comedy, "Lavender Ladies," presents two typical Victorian old maids in contrast with a rebellious modern niece, who, having imbibed doctrines of free love from her father's novels, refuses to marry her lover when marriage becomes necessary to save the proprieties. The author's handling of a familiar situation is deft and sympathetic, and the play is beautifully acted.

"The next and most important thing is, where main parts are concerned, not to make up your mind in haste: a first impression is all-too-often fallible—for or against an individual. You should give the manuscript to the actor, request him to study it over-

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: INTERESTING ITEMS OF RECENT NEWS FROM NEAR AND FAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, LAFAYETTE, BASSANO,

RUSSELL, OFFICIAL N.P.A. (SUPPLIED BY C.N.), ELLIOTT AND FRY, AND BARRATT.



A FINE SPECIMEN OF ROMAN DECORATIVE ART DISCOVERED IN ENGLAND: THE REMARKABLE TESSELLATED PAVEMENT, NOW COMPLETELY UNEARTHED, AT NORTH HILL, COLCHESTER.



A PARADISE FOR LONDON CHILDREN: THE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS OF GRAY'S INN OPENED TO THEM IN THE EVENINGS DURING THE SCHOOL HOLIDAYS.



LARGESSE AT THE FUNERAL OF THE MAHARAJAH SCINDIA OF GWALIOR, WHOSE ASHES WERE CAST ON THE GANGES: A CROWD SCRAMBLING FOR MONEY SCATTERED BY THE CHIEF MOURNERS.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE IRISH FREE STATE AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: MR. TIMOTHY HEALY (CENTRE, WEARING SPECTACLES) WELCOMED ON HIS ARRIVAL.



ON THE NAVAL ECONOMICS COMMITTEE: LORD CHALMERS.



ON THE NAVAL ECONOMICS COMMITTEE: LORD BRADBURY.



CHAIRMAN, NAVAL ECONOMICS COMMITTEE: LORD COLWYN.



PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES BY SOUTH HERDSMEN AT THE



AFRICAN CHIEFS: EIGHT OXEN LED BY NATIVE INDABA AT GABERONES.



EX-GOVERNOR, BRITISH GUIANA: THE LATE SIR F. MITCHELL HODGSON.



"FATHER" OF INDIAN NATIONALISM: THE LATE SIR SURENDRANATH BANERJEA.



A DOMINIONS OFFICE APPOINTMENT: THE EARL OF CLARENDON.



LITTLE POETS' CORNER TO BE A WAR MEMORIAL CHAPEL: THE S.W. ENCLOSURE IN THE NAVE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY, NEAR THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S GRAVE.



RAISING THE MONITOR "CLATTON," SUNK IN DOVER HARBOUR SEVEN YEARS AGO, WITH THE LOSS OF ABOUT 100 LIVES: SALVAGE OPERATIONS AND DIVERS AT WORK.



COMMEMORATING HEROES OF THE ANTARCTIC: THE UNVEILING OF THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO CAPTAIN SCOTT AND HIS COMPANIONS, ERECTED AT DEVONPORT, HIS BIRTHPLACE.



THE SON OF CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT PAYS A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF HIS FATHER: MASTER PETER SCOTT LAYING A WREATH AT THE FOOT OF THE MONUMENT.

The Roman tessellated pavement recently excavated at Colchester, in a fine state of preservation, is to be removed to the local museum.—The ashes of the late Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior were carried in procession to the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna, and cast upon the waters, according to Hindu rites.—The Dublin Horse Show opened at Ballsbridge on August 4, with a record number of entries.—Lords Colwyn, Bradbury, and Chalmers were recently appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a Committee to report on Naval economies necessary to meet the cost of new cruisers, and on administrative expenditure in the three fighting services.—The Prince of Wales received many gifts from native chiefs in South Africa. As a stock-breeder (at his Canadian ranch) he must have greatly appreciated the present of eight oxen by chiefs at Gaberones, in Bechuanaland.—Sir Frederic Mitchell Hodgson had been successively Governor of the Gold Coast, Barbados, and British Guiana. In 1900 he and Lady Hodgson were in Kumasi when it was besieged by Ashantis and the

garrison cut its way out.—Sir Surendranath Banerjea, the Bengal Liberal leader, orator, and pioneer of Indian nationalism, was born in Calcutta in 1848.—The Earl of Clarendon has been appointed Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the new Dominions Department.—Little Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey is to be converted into the "Chapel of the Holy Cross" as a memorial to all who fell in the war.—The monitor "Clatton" was sunk in Dover Harbour, seven years ago, after a fire and explosion, with the loss of about 100 lives. The salvage work is in charge of the Dover Harbour Board.—The National Memorial to Captain R. F. Scott and his companions, who perished on the return from the South Pole in 1912, was unveiled at Devonport on August 10 by Commodore C. W. R. Roys. The bronze group on the monument represents Courage sustained by Patriotism, crowned by Immortality, and spurning Fear, Despair, and Death. Among those present at the ceremony were Captain Scott's widow (now Mrs. Hilton Young) and her son, Master Peter Scott.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



BRANICK'S PACA, AND OTHER SOUTH AMERICAN RODENTS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE other day there arrived at the "Zoo" a very insignificant-looking animal, but one which, when examined, proved to be of quite remarkable interest, for it turned out to be a Branick's Paca (*Dinomys branicki*), the first ever seen in the Gardens. More than this, it is the first ever seen alive in Europe!

This little animal has a strange history. It was first discovered some sixty years ago, wandering about the courtyard of a building in Peru. For nearly forty years nothing more was ever seen or heard of it. Then it was re-discovered by some American collectors for the American Museum, though how many specimens they secured I cannot at the moment remember. Now, after an interval of round about fifteen years, it turns up again, and may now be seen alive! But still we know nothing of its habits, nor do we know whether it is really a rare animal, or whether it has escaped the notice of travellers and collectors because of its retiring and probably nocturnal habits. We do not, for example, count the hedgehog a rare British mammal, yet how many of us have ever stumbled across one alive in the course of our rambles?

What manner of beast is Branick's Paca? is a question which will inevitably be asked by those who have read thus far. Briefly, it is a rodent, related to the guinea-pigs, the agoutis, the pacas, and that wonderful creature, the capybara. Indeed, all of these, in their way, are wonderful animals, and it will be quite worth while, having regard to the importance of the arrival of *Dinomys branicki* in our midst, to say something about them. The word "rodent" suggests rats and mice, and perhaps rabbits and hares; but the rodent family is a very large one, and ranges over practically every portion of the habitable globe. Hence it is not surprising that we should find some strange types among them, such as the porcupine and the beautiful little chinchillas of the higher Andes. The vizchaca, one of the most characteristic of the South American rodents, has been made famous by Darwin; and the late W. H. Hudson gave us an admirable and vivid picture of its wonderful and enormous burrows, clustered together to form "villages," and covering the pampas for hundreds of miles.

man to stand in waist-high. These bank-like walls are commonly used by a little burrowing bird, the minera, the vizchaca offering no objection to the tenancy. And when the minera has done with its tunnel, it is taken over by a small species of swallow.

carry its short tail twisted to one side, as may be seen in the accompanying photograph? It inhabits the same country as the rhea, or South American ostrich. Though the Patagonian wastes formed its original home, it has extended right into the middle of the

Argentine pampas. Desert country, with a blazing sun, is essential to these singular creatures. Darwin first saw them in Patagonia, where, he remarked, it "was usual to see, in the distance, two or three of these cavies hopping one after the other in a straight line over the gravelly plains, thinly clothed by a few thorny bushes and withered herbage."

There seems to be something singularly favourable to the development of the rodents in South America. For here are found the strangest

types as well as the giants of the race. A rodent of twenty-five pounds' weight is some "rodent"; but what are we to say of the Carpincho, or Capybara, which may attain to one hundred pounds, and a length of four feet? Some idea of its size may be gleaned from the accompanying photograph, showing the skull of one of these animals compared with that of a mouse, which is placed on top? Note, also, in this photograph the enormous backward projection of the lower jaw, to afford attachment to the chewing muscles. The great bony bar under the eye-socket, referred to in the case of the paca, hides one very remarkable feature in the dentition of this animal, and this is the huge size of the last molar, which has no parallel among the rodents, but is found again in the adult wart-hogs of Africa.

The capybara is found over the whole of eastern South America, haunting the margins of lakes and rivers. The Patagonian cavy and the carpincho are really giant guinea-pigs—creatures with which most of us have had more than a passing acquaintance as youngsters. Our domesticated guinea-pig is probably a descendant of Cutler's guinea-pig, a native of Peru, black in colour, and brown below. Under domestication, however, all sorts of quaint, and some unlovely, forms have been bred.

After this brief survey of the South American rodents we can the more readily appreciate the importance of *Dinomys*. For this remarkable animal



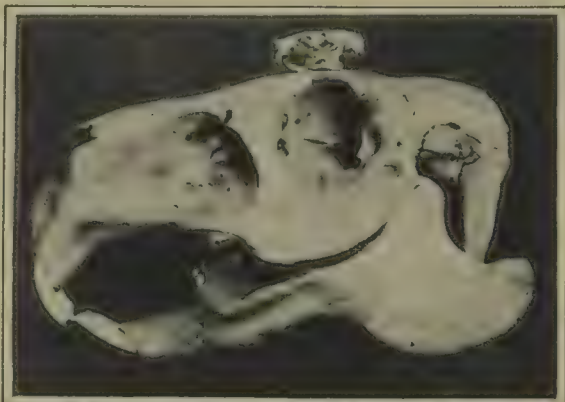
RELATED TO BRANICK'S PACA: THE PATAGONIAN CAVY, A LONG-LEGGED GUINEA-PIG, 13 INCHES HIGH AND WEIGHING 25 LB.



THE LARGEST LIVING RODENT: THE CARPINCHO, OR CAPYBARA, ALMOST TAILLESS, AND WEIGHING AS MUCH AS 100 LB.

In the background of the left-hand drawing are specimens of the Rhea, or South American ostrich, a compatriot of the Cavy.

But for the vizchaca neither of these birds would be able to live here. Hence we have an excellent



A GIANT AND A PIGMY AMONG RODENTS: THE SKULL OF THE GREAT CAPYBARA COMPARED WITH THAT OF A MOUSE (PLACED ON TOP).

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

example of the dependence of one species upon another for its very existence.

In the paca we have an animal which is more like *Dinomys* in appearance, inasmuch as it wears a spotted hide. But it is a very much larger animal, and the spots are much more conspicuous, being arranged in the form of a number of longitudinal rows. They are, in short, stripes in process of disintegration to form spots. This, indeed, is the usual method of evolving a spotted livery. The paca possesses another and very remarkable peculiarity. The strong bony arch which runs from the articulation of the jaw forward, to give attachment to the chewing muscles, is here enormously expanded to form a great bony chamber on each side of the face. Its cavity is lined with a mucous membrane, and communicates with the mouth by a small opening. If one had only the skull to judge by, one would have interpreted this cavity as a "cheek-pouch" for storage of food. But dissection shows that during life it communicates with the mouth by so small an aperture as to make this impossible. We have yet to discover its use.

We come next to another relative of *Dinomys* which, superficially, bears little likeness to a rodent. This is the Patagonian cavy (*Dolichotis*). It is a large animal, standing thirteen inches at the shoulder, is nearly three feet long, and weighs from twenty to twenty-five pounds. But why does it always



THE FIRST OF ITS KIND SEEN ALIVE IN EUROPE: THE BRANICK'S PACA (*DINOMYS BRANICKI*) RECENTLY PLACED IN THE "ZOO."—[Copyright Photograph by D. Seth-Smith, F.Z.S.]

seems to represent the ancestral type from which these others—and types not mentioned here, such as the porcupines—have been derived. This conclusion, of course, is based not on external appearances, but on anatomical characters of too technical a nature to be entered into here. How long will it be before a mate is found for this singularly interesting captive?



DESCENDED FROM A PERUVIAN ANCESTOR: THE DOMESTIC GUINEA-PIG.

"The domesticated Guinea-pig is a descendant of Cutler's Guinea-pig, of Peru, which was domesticated by the Incas. The Guinea-pig was introduced into Europe by the Dutch, in the sixteenth century, and was originally probably known as the Guiana-pig, having been brought from Dutch Guiana."

Being a fairly solid animal—for a full-grown male will weigh about fifteen pounds—the burrow must be large. But—more than this—several burrows are made with a common entrance, which may be as much as six feet across, and deep enough for a tall

INDIA'S RESTLESS NEIGHBOUR: AFGHANISTAN—THE AMIR READS PRAYERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



MOSLEM CEREMONIES IN KABUL, WHERE THE POLITICAL SITUATION IS CAUSING ANXIETY IN INDIA: THE AMIR'S MOTOR-CAR WAITING OUTSIDE A GATEWAY FOR HIS RETURN AFTER TAKING PART IN THE ID CELEBRATIONS.



READING THE KHUTBA PRAYERS IN PUBLIC AT THE ID CELEBRATIONS IN KABUL: THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN, AMANULLAH KHAN (ON PLATFORM TO RIGHT), WHOSE MILITARY UNIFORM, AND THAT OF THE OFFICERS BELOW, INDICATES THE MODERNISING TENDENCY OF HIS RULE.

It was reported a few days ago that the situation at Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, was causing much anxiety to the Government of India. Trouble had arisen in Afghanistan, it was stated, through the negotiations with Italy regarding the execution of the Italian engineer, Signor Dario Piperno, who, it may be recalled, was hanged on June 2, for killing an Afghan policeman. The Italian Government subsequently protested, demanding an apology and an indemnity. It is now said that the conciliatory efforts of the Amir's Government have been impeded by fanatical Afghan extremists. Anything that disturbs foreign relations

must effect India, for the condition of the North-West frontier depends largely on the stability and friendly disposition of Afghanistan. Apart from foreign affairs, there has been some native unrest in that country, and it was only last May that the rebellion of the Khost tribes was finally suppressed, with much severity. The present Amir, Amanullah Khan, is a modernising ruler, but most of his subjects understand no law but tribal custom. The Id celebrations, in which the Amir is here seen taking part, belong to an important Moslem festival. In our issue of August 1, our readers will remember, we illustrated the Bakr-Id festivities at Delhi.

The World of Women



brimmed straw hat with shaded mauve flowers. It is a pleasure to watch the heartiness of sailorly greetings as Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Inglefield greets Lord Jellicoe. The father of the Fleet, Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle, was another eminent sailor of an earlier date to greet and be greeted by friends naval and otherwise. His son, Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, and his wife were over from Admiralty House, Portsmouth, on one afternoon for tea.

Lord Inchcape had the largest party afloat for the first of the week. He had four hundred guests on board the new P. and O. liner, *Ranchi*; she took her passengers for cruises round the island, and many of those staying on shore went on board to see the latest addition to the celebrated P. and O. line. Lord and Lady Jellicoe were of the number. Lord Inchcape's own barge—a motor one, of course—brought many well-known people ashore. Among them were Viscount Cave and Viscount Peel; Lord Shaftesbury, too, with his pretty second daughter, Lady Dorothea Ashley Cooper, who joined on the lawn Lady Mary Ashley Cooper, the pretty eldest daughter, who was of Lady Glentanar's party at Hamlet Lodge. Lord and Lady Emmott were also of the *Ranchi* four hundred, but were little ashore. Oriental attendants in blue, red, and white, with turbaned heads, were at the bow and stern of the barge, and there was considerable entertaining on board.

The Queen was little seen on the water at Cowes in regatta week. Each day her Majesty landed from the *Victoria and Albert* at East Cowes and went on some motoring expedition, attended by Lady Joan Verney. The King, on the

other hand, was little ashore; each day his Majesty was away racing on the *Britannia*, and later attending to the details of State business, from which he is never free. One evening he was at the Squadron Castle for half an hour, and, of course, attended the annual banquet on the Tuesday evening. The Duke of Connaught was on the lawn for a while more frequently. On one afternoon his Royal Highness met Princess Beatrice, who had been there for tea, attended by Miss Minnie Cochrane and Lieutenant-Colonel Packe. The Princess, as Governor of the Island, has many friends to do her friendly homage. She was looking well in a dark-blue dress and long coat, and a dark blue straw hat with a thick ruche of dark blue flowers round it, with little bright red buds or berries in between. Lady May Cambridge was with her, wearing a white serge skirt and silk jumper and a white serge coat, with a red, cream, and black speckled straw hat having a red hat-band. Mlle. Françoise de la Panouse, the pretty daughter of General the Vicomte and the Vicomtesse de la Panouse, was with Lady May, and wore a long fawn-coloured coat over a beige-toned dress, and a felt pull-on hat much the shade of the coat. With the Duke of Connaught on this occasion was that ardent yachswoman, the Marquise d'Hautpoul, who had been racing on the *Britannia*, and who found many friends eager to talk to her. She wore a long grey coat over white serge, and a blue-grey hat. Next afternoon, which was wet, Princess Beatrice motored again into Cowes with Lady May Cambridge, and went to tea on Lord Normanton's yacht,

where he has three of his daughters (two of them recently engaged), and his younger son, Lord Somerton, with him.

The great night at the Squadron was that of the banquet, when the King was present as Admiral, and when the Duke of Connaught was also present. There was, I believe, a record attendance of members, and so many men were engaged in dining that the ladies gave dinner parties to ladies, headed by the first lady in the land. Guests were in no case confined to ladies; non-Squadron members enlivened the proceedings, and Elizabeth Marchioness of Ormonde's dinner developed into a small dance. Mrs. Dudley Coats, who has a branch of her shop down here for the season, gave a dance for young people. Her goods are dainty and unusual accessories of women's dress.

Princess Margaret and Princess Theodora of Greece were frequently in the gardens, as was Lord Louis Mountbatten. Mr. and Mrs. Jameson entertained a great deal on the *Magdalene*; Princess Margaret, the Marchioness of Ailsa, the Hon. Violet Vivian, Lady Alexandra Haig, and Priscilla Countess Annesley were among the guests at one luncheon party. The Greek Princesses are good-looking girls, and have evidently been enjoying the open, for both are delightfully and healthily sun-browned. On the whole, Cowes had a distinctly successful week. More wind would have pleased yachtsmen, and everyone could have dispensed with what rain there was.

A. E. L.



Two of the new autumn models which may be seen at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W. The cloak is of sable-dyed chevreton, and the coat of brown antelope trimmed with nutria coney. (See page 32.)

Indicative of the coming fashions is this graceful coat of nutria introducing the new flare and the highwayman collar. It may be studied in the salons of Dickins and Jones. (See page 324.)

AN extraordinary change has come over the social world in many ways during the last decade. In the grounds of the R.Y.S. headquarters at Cowes that change is less apparent than in other phases of our social life. During the recent little season it was noticeable that dress was less distinctively nautical than it was, say, fifteen years ago, when in every dress and every suit there was some indication of the sport in whose interest the assembly was. Last week there were Squadron burgees on many hats, some in jewels—diamonds and rubies. Lady Portal wore one such, given to her by her husband as a souvenir of their winning the King's Cup a couple of seasons back with their ketch, the *Valdora*; others in enamel; and, as is our tasteful way in England, little ornaments carefully eschewed by those who have not, nor have had, Squadron boats. The law is unwritten, but, like many such, is none the less carefully obeyed. There were a few ladies who wore white serge skirts and navy-blue coats and peaked yachting caps like those of the men. They were cruising, and two of them were racing, on their own yachts, for which purpose there is no more comfortable head-wear—less usual now than it once was.

There is nothing pleasanter, especially after a somewhat fatiguing season and a Goodwood when much effort was necessary to keep warm and dry, than to subside into one of the comfortable basket-chairs on the velvety sward of the Squadron lawn under the fine old trees, and watch the always changing scene in the Roads, and the coming and going of the members and their friends. Familiar faces are all round. At a little table brought out into the front lawn sit Lord and Lady Birkenhead and their younger daughter, Lady Pamela Smith, a delightful live wire and very pretty wee girlie, to whom her father is evidently a king among men. Lady Birkenhead, ashore every day from the *Mairi*, affects no special yachting attire, but practical coats and skirts and small felt pull-over hats. Not far off are Lord and Lady Jellicoe and their second girl, Lady Myrtle Jellicoe, looking very pretty in a long fawn-coloured coat and a small brown hat. Lady Jellicoe wore a pale mauve silk knitted coat and skirt, and a wide-

SOCIAL PROBLEMS

2.

*Fougasse*

A, being invited to a public dinner as guest of the evening, discovers that the Chairman, at whose right hand he will have the privilege of sitting throughout the evening, and who will later on have the pleasure of proposing his very good health, is the stranger with whom he had such a horrible row over a taxi last night.

What should A do?

To this there is, of course, only one perfect solution—
LIGHT AN ABDULLA.

Fougasse.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

Turkish

Egyptian

Virginia

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

SLOWLY we are in this country acquiring a musical-festival spirit. This summer we have for the first time two music festivals arranged to take place in the South of England. One of these, the Glastonbury Festival, has been an annual event for some years, and may be considered as successfully established. The two chief moving spirits are Mr. Rutland Boughton and Mr. Laurence Housman, and the festival began on Aug. 5 with a series of the "Little Plays of St. Francis," by Mr. Housman.

But on Aug. 27 the performances of the Arthurian Music-Dramas begin. This year the three music-dramas—"The Birth of Arthur," "The Round Table," and "The Queen of Cornwall" (of which the drama is by Mr. Thomas Hardy)—will be given; while towards the end of the festival there will be performances of "The Immortal Hour." These performances have a character that is entirely their own, and among their most attractive features are the choral dances arranged by Mrs. Penelope Spencer. They form an admirable training experience for professionals and amateurs, and I can imagine no better way in which students may learn the practical business of applying their specialised training to take its place in the production of drama or music-drama as a completed whole, brought out before the public for acceptance or rejection, than by partaking in this sort of festival. An ounce of practice is worth far more than a pound of theory when it comes to complex forms of art like opera or music-drama. There is no way of learning what to do and how to do it except by the actual performance of some work or other. It is better that bad

works should be produced than that none should be produced at all. And, as a matter of fact, it may be doubted whether there ever could be such a thing as a really bad work. In co-operative efforts of this kind, where a great many diverse activities and talents have to be brought into a sort of unity of action, there must inevitably be some good moments. A piece of acting here, a dress there, a bit of apt and effective

as it were, by the way. A festival of this sort is nothing but a series of discoveries for all concerned, and it is in this unforeseen and unchartable experience of *discovering* that the great virtue and enjoyment of these festivals lies.

I would therefore sound a note of warning to Mr. Laurence Housman and to Mr. Rutland Boughton as to the one danger that is in their path—the danger of killing these Glastonbury Festivals by stereotyping them. Without pronouncing at all on the artistic merits of either Mr. Housman's dramas or of Mr. Boughton's music-dramas—accepting them even as works of art of undoubted merit—yet I would advise the festival directors not to go on repeating them year after year, however successful and popular. At least one new work of considerable magnitude should be done every two years, and there should be a novelty of some sort every year.

I will not disguise the fact that to me "Arthurian Music-Dramas" have a weary sound, but that is a mere question of personal taste. There are thousands, I know, who find them incredibly exhilarating. Again, "The Immortal Hour" has brought raptures to multitudes, although to me it brought nothing but a slight slackening in the gallop of life. Nevertheless, even these enraptured and spell-bound thousands will slowly become—nay perhaps speedily become—less rapt and spell-bound if they are asked to submit themselves to exactly the same spell year after year. And, if they did continue out of mere inertia to submit, then the Glastonbury Festival would be a deadening and paralysing monster, stultifying instead of animating the life of the senses.

For, after all, it is for the performers of all kinds that these festivals chiefly exist. It is not the audiences

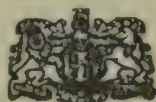
(Continued overleaf.)



ONE OF THE WONDERFUL NEW BRITISH TANKS WITH A SPEED OF THIRTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR: THE "ARCHER" INSPECTED BY ARMY OFFICERS DURING A DEMONSTRATION NEAR ALDERSHOT.

A remarkable speed test of the "Archer," one of fifty Vickers light tanks of a new type built for the British Army, took place recently on Jubilee Hill, Aldershot, and was watched by the Territorials training there. They saw it rush up hill at nearly 30 miles an hour, and stop within two yards. On level ground it can do 35 m.p.h., and across country 20 m.p.h. It can mount steep slopes, crash through trees and bushes, and turn round in its own length and dash off in another direction. These tanks, which weigh ten tons, have Armstrong-Siddeley engines of 82-h.p. Each carries a crew of five men, and is armed with two Vickers and Hotchkiss guns and a three-pounder in a revolving turret.—[Photograph by C.N.]

stage lighting, or a sudden bar or two of natural and expressive music—such things as these are sure to flower, often when one would least expect them, and,



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"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

(Continued.)

that matter most, although it is well that they should be agreeably entertained and stimulated, perhaps, to other activities of their own. To argue that a constant stream of new audiences justified the performance of the same works year after year would be to misunderstand the prime function of artistic endeavour, which is to live *de novo* day after day, and not to repeat the life of the day before like an automatic machine. These festivals are of immense importance to the young singers, musicians, dancers, and artists concerned in them. They exist for them, they are their training ground, and their performances are mere side shows for the audiences, to be taken in their holiday stride like the weather or the motor drives, picnics, or other diversions of the holiday season. Therefore, I hope when I receive the programme of next year's Glastonbury Festival to be so startled by the novelty of its contents as to be lured down to Glastonbury myself.

The second Southern English festival is Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch's Haslemere Festival of Chamber Music, to be held in Haslemere Hall, Haslemere, Surrey, from Aug. 24 to Sept. 5. The concerts will take place in the evenings, and every morning the instruments will be exhibited in the hall, and demonstrations will be given to all interested visitors. The music played will consist largely of English music of the Golden Period—the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—and will be represented chiefly by concerts of viols in three, four, five, or six parts, with the lute, virginals, or organ, according to the nature of the pieces. In the foreign music the compositions of J. S. Bach will predominate, including sonatas for harpsichord and violin, and a number of clavichord pieces. The concerts will be divided up as follows: four concerts of English music, four of the music of J. S. Bach, one each to French and Italian music, one to the works of Haydn and Mozart, and one to a mixed programme. The performers will be Mr. Dolmetsch himself and his family. Those who wish to obtain tickets may get them by writing to Messrs. Charman, High Street, Haslemere, Surrey.

I can heartily recommend this Chamber Music Festival from personal knowledge of Mr. Dolmetsch's admirable concerts. Those who go to Haslemere will have the opportunity of hearing some of the world's finest and most rarely played music. They will hear it under ideal conditions, performed by musicians who thoroughly understand it and can give the spirit of these beautiful old compositions as they existed in

the minds of their composers. Year by year the public capable of appreciating this wonderful musical heritage from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries grows, and once one has heard this music one is under its spell for ever. There is lots of hotel accommodation round and about Haslemere, and I advise all those who may be wondering what to do at the end of August to go and listen to Mr. Dolmetsch.—W. J. TURNER.

THE GALILEE SKULL AND ITS DISCOVERER.

(See Illustrations on Pages 302-303.)

REGARDING the important discovery of the Galilee skull, illustrated elsewhere in this number, an interesting statement has been made by Professor J. Garstang, Director of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem—

"The whole credit and merit of this discovery," he writes, "belong to Mr. Turville-Petre, and are a reward of his enthusiasm, energy, and training. Two years ago, when still a student at Oxford (where he studied under Professor Balfour and Professor Marett, and took his degree in anthropology), he came out to Palestine for a short time, which he devoted to explorations in Galilee. Though in those days public security was not so well assured as now, he disappeared for weeks at a time, but always emerged with notes and specimens, and keener than ever. It was he who selected the caves in the Wadi El Amud, which leads down to the Sea of Galilee, as being accessible and likely to reward excavation.

"It has always been the policy of the British School to devote a part of its resources to the excavation of caves, as the field of prehistory in Palestine has never been explored. The work is an excellent object-lesson in methods of excavation, for the stratifications have to be very carefully dissected; and it is relatively inexpensive, as the depth of deposits is not comparable with those of city mounds. But hitherto, though several invitations have been issued, no one with any special knowledge of the subject had come forward to undertake such work.

"Consequently, this spring, when Mr. Turville-Petre definitely joined the school, the excavation of these caves was organised as its annual field course of instruction. In the first cave Mr. Turville-Petre found chiefly Aurignacian flints and deposits. Towards the close of that work, during one of my periodic

visits, we cut a section in this second cave and decided that it was brimful of promise, so that soon after finishing the first cave he commenced the second, early in June.

"The work developed rapidly. The historical ages, as shown by one of the photographs reproduced in this issue, were well defined, and gave a depth of about three feet. Below these the front part of the skull of a primitive man was found on June 16. At the moment of discovery each member of the expedition, including a student and a volunteer, was busied supervising some detail of the work, and I happened to be watching the workman who dug up the skull, which he promptly handed to Mr. Turville-Petre, so that the find, spot, and its surroundings were noted accurately and without any doubt. The Mousterian character of the flints found with the skull and throughout the cave in general (below the layer of stones mentioned) adds peculiar value to this discovery.

"To my relatively untrained eyes the skull is somewhat more primitive, and its features are somewhat more pronounced, than the European examples, but specialists will decide these points by actual comparison. On the suggestion of Sir Herbert Samuel, who visited the caves during the progress of the excavation, and has always taken a keen interest in the school's work, the relic will be called the Galilee skull, as the name Tabgha is unfamiliar. It is hoped that the name of Turville-Petre will be associated with it in an appropriate Latin form, which I will not attempt to originate."

Mrs. Rosita Forbes has given us a very excellent entertainment in her travel-film, "From Red Sea to Blue Nile," which was shown at the Capitol Cinema last week. It is not pretentious, nor does it aim to be either instructive or educational, but is a pleasant record of a somewhat hazardous journey through Abyssinia, the oldest existing kingdom in the world, in which the only two white people were Mrs. Forbes herself and the photographer. The picture in which the cavalcade crossing an ancient viaduct is silhouetted against the evening sky is one of the most beautiful seen on the screen. We understand it is shortly to be exhibited in a number of provincial cities. It should not be missed by those wishing to escape the bondage of American "triangle" dramas.

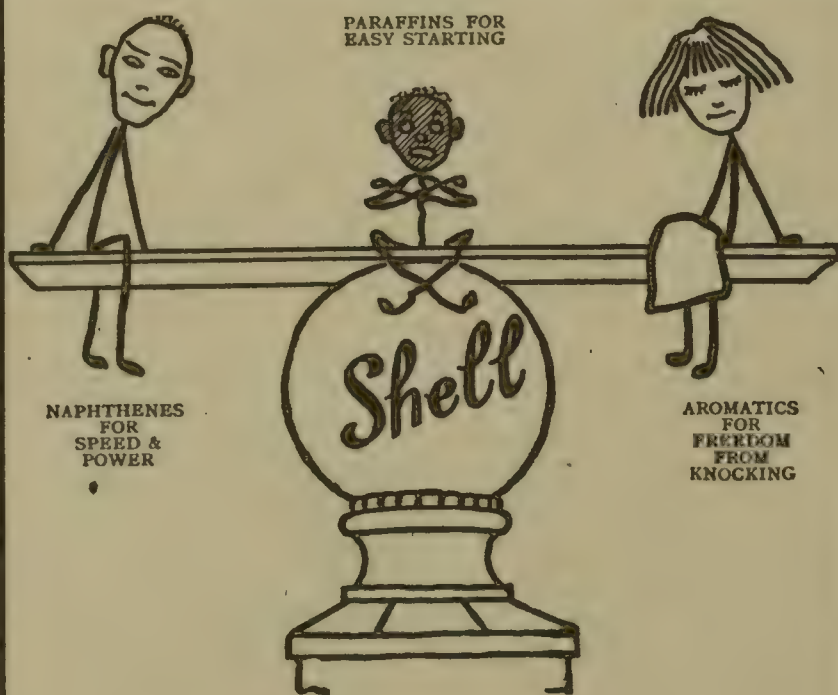


Among the little things
at table that are the
essence of good taste; no
detail is so inconspicuous
and yet so paramount as

Cerebos
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MISUNDERSTOOD



J.M.
BATEMAN.

MARKER: "Send up some more PLAYERS, please!"

Fashions and Fancies.

Coming Fashions in Furs.

Fashions in furs, as in everything else, undergo each season many subtle changes. The latest coats and wraps for the autumn are fashioned of sleek, supple skins which can be easily manipulated to form the graceful flares and curious sleeves of the new mode. Moleskin, worked in many intricate patterns, is one of the most important pelts; and baby goat, shaded from mist to storm-grey, makes another fashionable model. Then natural pony, trimmed with a darker fur, is used for slim, almost tailored, coats fitting closely to the hips and continuing in a slight godet. Fascinating illustrations of these latest modes may be seen already in the salons of Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W. There is a particularly fine selection of moleskin coats and wraps, many in small sizes; a beautifully marked cloak, fitting a small woman, is available for the moderate price of 25 guineas. Coats of natural pony range from 19 guineas, and in black from 16½ guineas. Pictured on page 318 is an attractive trio from these salons. At the top is a nutria coat showing the new flare and high-wayman collar. Below is a cape of sable-dyed chevrete, costing 26½ guineas, and on the right a distinctive affair of brown antelope trimmed with nutria coney. The price is 28 guineas. Choker ties are still very fashionable, and those in natural stone marten are from 5½ guineas; and others of mink, double fur, are offered at the special price of 6½ guineas each.

Well-Designed Gowns.

Wonderfully graceful and attractive are the well-designed maternity and outsize gowns which are a speciality of Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W. Take, for instance, the two models pictured on this page. On the left is a frock of coral plissé georgette with a coatee of the plain material trimmed with lace. The price is 9½ guineas. The frock may be worn with a variety of coats in different materials. On the right is an ingenious one-piece affair looking like a two-piece suit, carried out in black satin and striped crêpe-de-Chine. The price is only 6½ guineas, and the same idea may be carried out in repp with a jumper front of printed crêpe-de-Chine for 5½ guineas. Then a long-sleeved tunic frock of repp costs only 79s. 6d. These models are fitted with clever devices whereby

they can be altered at will without the slightest trouble. In the same department are outsize afternoon frocks from 7½ guineas; and semi-evening

dress in georgette embroidered with silver, completed with sleeveless coats, are 12½ guineas.



Coral georgette, plain and plissé, and black satin over printed crêpe-de-Chine, have been chosen to express these cleverly designed maternity gowns, which must be placed to the credit of Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.

No Change Despite the Silk Tax.

During the next few months, and especially on the Scottish moors and links, mackintoshes form the important item of the wardrobe, for rain is never very far away. Silk mackintoshes, which are splendidly light and comfortable, carried out in the gayest of colourings, are the smartest, and it is good news indeed to hear that Elvery and Co., of 31, Conduit Street, W., have a wide selection of these models, and will, despite the new silk duties, continue to offer them at 59s. 6d. and £3 3s., as long as their large stock of silk lasts. A practical innovation which every golfer will welcome is the "golfer mac," a light three-quarter length silk waterproof specially cut under the arms to allow complete freedom of movement. The belt is fastened with an ingenious buckle which has nothing to catch or slip, and the whole can be rolled into a small case designed to strap on the golf-bag.

Ciro Pearls in Dublin.

As Ciro pearls become more and more popular, their originators are extending their activities, and the latest show-rooms are at the well-known establishment of Messrs. Switzers, in Grafton Street, Dublin. The opening of the new Ciro Salon was planned to synchronise with Dublin's great social event of the year—the Horse Show.

A Portable Columbia Grafonola.

The perfect tone and qualities of the famous Columbia Grafonola have long been appreciated by all music-lovers. Those who possess the beautiful cabinet instruments are naturally loath to leave behind during the holidays such a never-failing source of pleasure. A happy solution has been found in the new portable gramophone produced by this firm, which is a model of ingenuity and reproduces to perfection the famous Columbia Grafonola tone. As the lid is raised the shutters of the tone-chamber open automatically, the tone arm rises, and the instrument is ready for playing. The price is £6 6s. Built of selected hard wood and covered in black-grained camera cloth, its weight is such that it can be carried easily by a child. An illustrated leaflet giving full particulars and the name of the nearest agent will be sent post free on application to Columbia, 102, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.



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TO step from a train fresh and unfatigued after a journey of four hundred miles; to have made the journey in the minimum of time; to have enjoyed every moment of the run; that is the experience of those who take the East Coast Expresses from King's Cross to Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth and Inverness. The "Flying Scotsman" leaves each weekday morning

at ten. Other Restaurant, Pullman, and Sleeping Car Trains depart at convenient intervals. The traveller by day sees country richer in Abbeys, Castles, Cathedrals and Historical Remains than any other between England and Scotland. Those who take the night journey sleep undisturbed in Cars freed, by a method of suspension, from all vibration.

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THE GENERATOR is self-controlled, stops and starts automatically, works silently, without odour, and is so simple that it can be looked after by a maid.

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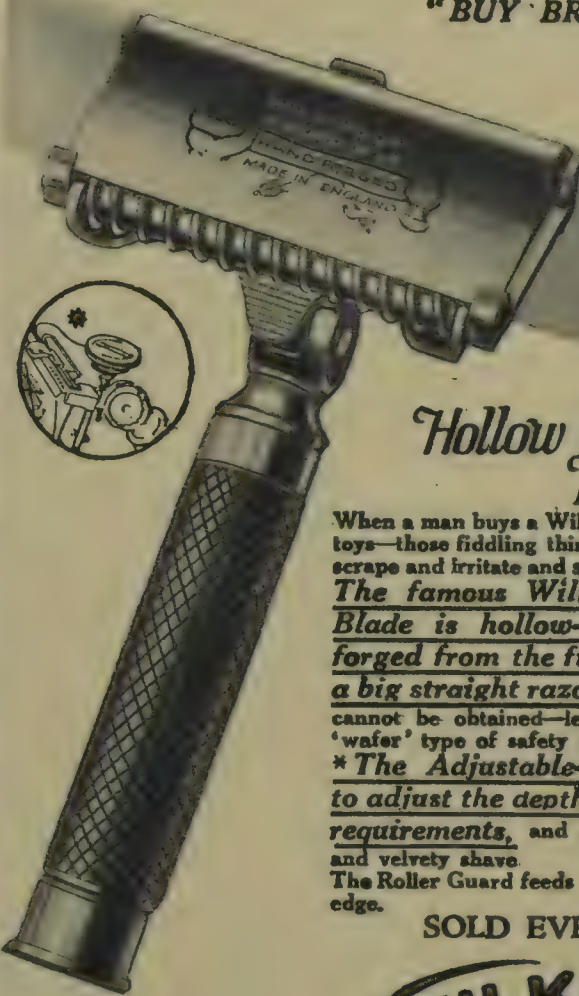


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The famous Wilkinson Sword Steel Blade is hollow-ground and hand-forged from the finest steel—just like a big straight razor. Its lasting keen edge cannot be obtained—let alone retained—on the 'wafer' type of safety blade.

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The Roller Guard feeds the lather on to the cutting edge.

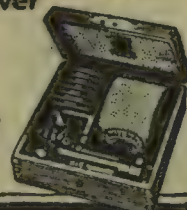
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No. 121. Comprising seven hollow-ground blades, each etched with day of week, adjustable Shaver - Frame, Automatic Stropper, in polished oak case **42/-**

No. 122. The same as No. 121, but with only three blades (numbered). **25/-**

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Joining Up On April 2, 1923, a convoy of three motor-cars set out from Two Civilisations. Damascus, making due East into the five hundred miles of perilous, uncharted desert



THE DESERT MOTOR SERVICE THAT HAS BROUGHT BAGHDAD WITHIN NINE DAYS OF LONDON AND FORTY-EIGHT HOURS OF PORT SAID: TAKING BEARINGS BEFORE AN EARLY START.

that lay between them and the ancient city of Baghdad. Since the dawn of recorded time, Damascus has stood on the great highway and seen world trade ebbing and flowing in her narrow streets. Then the scene changed; with the coming of steam-ships the old overland caravan routes from India and the Persian Gulf fell into disuse, and for a time Damascus slept.

But the idea occurred to Mr. Norman Nairn, a young New Zealander, that, with the aid of the modern motor-car, the ancient caravan routes could be reopened, and the tedious thirty days' sea-voyage round the Arabian peninsula avoided. So, early on that April morning two years ago, he set out with a band of pioneers to face the perils of the unknown desert, and to forge a link that would join up two civilisations. To-day, caravans again pass through Damascus, but a new ship of the desert has appeared,

stronger and faster than the fleetest camel. When it passes, the Bedouin shepherd boy stares, uncomprehending, and even in the bazaars of Damascus, where many strange things have come and gone, its passage is the subject of much whispered comment. One may now board a motor-car in Beirouth, on the Mediterranean, and in less than thirty hours be set down in Baghdad. The Syrian desert has become again what it was—a highway of the world. The route followed by the regular passenger convoys is practically the same as that laid out by Mr. Nairn on the occasion of his memorable first crossing. Leaving Beirut and the sea-coast behind, the cars climb 1500 feet over the mountains, passing on their way Bedouins and Syrians with their gaily decorated camel-caravans and quaint, high-hooded carts drawn by teams of mules.

Needless to say, such an enterprise is fraught with many perils and difficulties of every kind. At the best of times the route is extremely rough, and intersected by deep "wadi," or dry river courses, which are uncharted and appear in the most unexpected places. At certain seasons, the Tigris and Euphrates overflow their banks and inundate the country with mud for thousands of square miles around. The cars sometimes have to be driven axle-deep, under these appalling conditions for hours on end. On one occasion the entire convoy was bogged at two o'clock in the morning when 350 miles from Damascus, after the drivers had been pushing and pulling their cars through the mud on the previous day until they were so exhausted that they could

hardly stand. The mail boat was due to leave at five o'clock that evening, and thirteen passengers, with their leave long overdue, saw little prospect of catching it. Food was distributed personally by Mr. Nairn, who walked a total of nine miles in the clinging mud and in a deluge of rain, attending to the comfort of his passengers. By dawn the cars had been extricated after the most exhausting efforts, and with the aid of the drivers of the east-bound convoy, who had already been driving for twenty-four hours on end. Mr. Nairn's office manager had succeeded in having the mail-boat's departure postponed until ten p.m., but the situation seemed none the less hopeless. Then, shortly after eight o'clock, the four cars rolled quietly into Beirut and down to the docks, caked with mud, and with the drivers verging on collapse from exhaustion.

The service runs with the regularity of a railway, and any unavoidable delay is made up *en route*.



CROSSING THE EUPHRATES ON THE WAY FROM BEIRUT TO BAGHDAD: A CADILLAC CAR OF THE DESERT MAIL SERVICE EMBARKING ON A FERRY-BOAT AT FELUJA.

This has frequently meant fast travelling at forty to sixty miles an hour for twenty-four hours on end. The physical strain imposed on the drivers by

[Continued overleaf.]

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The "Khan" of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co. Ltd. at Wembley by night

Anglo-Persian Oil Company and "BP" Motor Spirit at Wembley

The story of a great national enterprise is told in attractive tableaux in the exhibit of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co. Ltd. at Wembley.

The building itself, which is situated at the east end of the lake, represents a Persian "Khan" or caravanserai such as is found along the caravan routes in Persia where travellers rest from the journey.

The interior exhibit is designed to convey an impression of the more important points in the sequence of activities of the Company, from the production of crude oil up to the distribution of "BP" Motor Spirit and other products—drilling for oil in the Persian fields, conveying the crude oil in British ships to this country, refining at Llandarcy in South Wales, distributing the finished products by rail tank-cars, can-filling operations and the many other activities necessary before "BP" reaches the motorist.

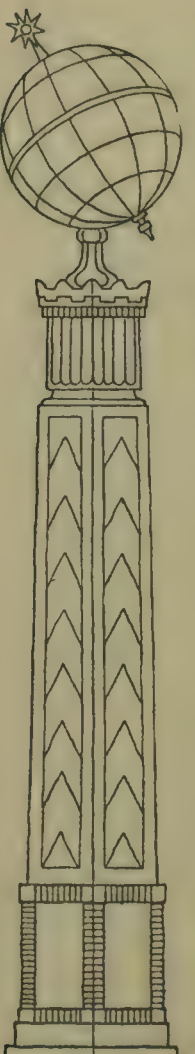
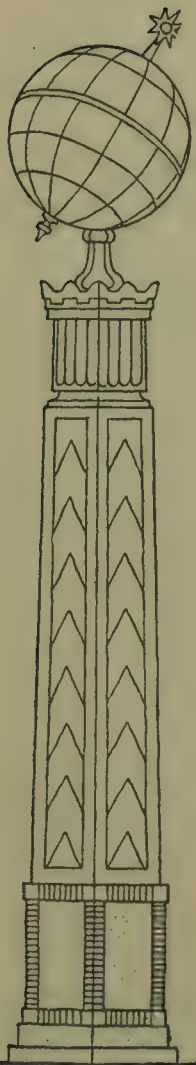
A visit to the "BP" exhibit will give you a wider and deeper realisation of the great importance of British Petrol, not only to the British motorist but to the Empire at large.

"BP"

The British Petrol

British Petroleum Co. Ltd. Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2

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ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.



(Continued.)

such an effort needs no emphasis. Three hundred and forty flat and uneventful miles out from Beirut is the Wadi Hauran, of uninviting aspect, where many boulders await the unwary driver. Here are the Rutba Wells, the only known place on the desert where water, though of an unattractive colour and taste, may be obtained if absolutely necessary.

At the Rutba Wells the travellers catch their first sight of the air furrow—a line ploughed by the British Royal Air Force across the desert from Amman, in Trans-Jordan, to Baghdad, for the purpose of guiding pilots of the Cairo-Baghdad air mail machines. Marks on the floor of the desert are visible from the air at high altitudes. From the Wadi Hauran the cars follow the air furrow to Ramadi—a little town on the Euphrates that forms the western outpost of Mesopotamia. Thence to Feluja is comparatively but a step, and the cars cross the Euphrates by a bridge of boats. The remainder of the journey is more or less easy going. Two hours more level desert, then in the distance the golden domes of Baghdad, glittering in the sun, lift themselves over the straight horizon. Gradually the cars enter a cultivated countryside; green surrounds them once more, behind it the minarets of the City of Caliphs. Through the noisy repair yards of the Iraq Railway, across the Tigris by the Maude Bridge, and the cars roll up to the hotel. There is a slight flurry; loiterers appear—then an official or two. The desert mail has arrived.

A Well-Organised Service.

Those in charge of the task of operating the regular convoys of cars have evolved very definite working rules. The greatest attention is paid to food and drink as well as to garage and road organisation. At first the convoys travelled

safety of the desert. Before leaving on each trip the Cadillac cars employed are thoroughly overhauled and inspected, re-greased, re-oiled, and furnished with fresh equipment.

The drivers of the cars are carefully picked men. Added to the strength of Hercules they must have the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job—characteristics not very often found in combination. At any time they must be prepared to drive hard for twenty-four hours on end over the blinding monotony of the desert, to make quick repairs of the most technical nature, or to console a woeful passenger, disappointed at not having fresh cream in his tea. The round journey from Beirut to Baghdad and back is over 1200 miles, and is undertaken in intense heat. In the circumstances, it is a matter of pride to the makers of the Cadillac cars that on no occasion has the radiator water called for replenishment during the trip.

The cars have on their running boards supplementary petrol-tanks with a capacity of thirty gallons, which, together with the standard tank in the rear, brings the car's storage capacity to the extraordinary total of ninety gallons. With the motor service as at present run, Baghdad is brought within nine days of London and within forty-eight hours of Port Said on the Suez Canal—a fact of tremendous significance to the oil companies now operating in Persia and Iraq.



BOUGHT BY THE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA FOR USE DURING HIS VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY: A 40-50-H.P. "NEW PHANTOM" ROLLS-ROYCE CAR.

The car is fitted with a six-seater open touring body by Barker, painted a pale "coach" green, and upholstered in green antique grained leather. The front seat is arranged to slide. Very ingenious folding teakwood tables are fitted to the rear doors, and a beautiful cabinet surmounted by a companion is arranged between the extra seats. Step-lights to all doors, super-shield to wind-screen, and ivory-white finish to steering-wheel provide other points of interest. The Maharajah of Patiala is a keen motorist, and this is his latest addition to an already large fleet of Rolls-Royce cars.

fully armed, but at present the less adventurous expedient is resorted to of subsidising Mohammed Ibn Bassam, who guarantees, as far as he is able, the

Suez Canal—a fact of tremendous significance to the oil companies now operating in Persia and Iraq.

SEEDSMEN BY



APPOINTMENT

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Your hairdresser can tell you more about Inecto. He has our dainty beauty brochures, or you may have them on request from our Salons. "Hair Recoloration" is a booklet which tells how Inecto may be used in the privacy of your home in one application only.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

J. C. STACKHOUSE (Torquay).—You must have made some mistake in setting up Problem No. 3961 for solution. There is no such move on the board as Q takes P (ch).

HORACE E. MCFARLAND (St. Louis).—Thanks for your always welcome budget, for which, after the holidays, we hope to make fuller acknowledgment. We are sorry to note that you are one of the goodly company that came to grief over No. 3958.

J. W. SMEDLEY (Brooklyn).—Your premonition that your careful and elaborate analysis of No. 3958 would not supply the correct solution turned out to be too true; but you may have the consolation of knowing the problem has beaten other experts besides yourself.

J. HANNAN (Newburgh, N.Y.).—We, of course, regret having said anything that could hurt your feelings; it was not our intention to do so. Editorial patience, however, is sometimes not an inexhaustible virtue.

T. K. WIGAN (Woking).—We trust you have received our communication before this appears.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3956 received from Horace E. McFarland (St. Louis, Mo.); of No. 3957 from Horace E. McFarland (St. Louis, Mo.); of No. 3959 from J. Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.); E. S. Gibbs (East Ham), and J. W. Smedley (Brooklyn, N.Y.); of No. 3960 from Rev. W. Scott (Elgin), E. J. Gibbs (East Ham), W. Welch (Newcastle-on-Tyne), H. Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), R. C. Durell (Hendon), J. Hunter (Leicester), R. B. Pearce (Happisburgh), J. M. K. Lupton (Richmond), and E. Pinkney (Driffield); and of No. 3961 from G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), R. C. Durell (Hendon), W. Kirkman (Hereford), J. Hunter (Leicester), C. H. Watson (Masham), R. B. N. (Tewkesbury), J. P. Smith (Cricklewood), H. W. Satow (Bangor), C. B. S. (Canterbury), L. W. Caferata (Newark), and S. Caldwell (Hove).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3960.—BY W. FINLAYSON.

WHITE

1. P to K B 5th
2. B to K R 7th
3. R to K B sq mates.

BLACK

- K takes P at K B 3rd
- K to B 2nd

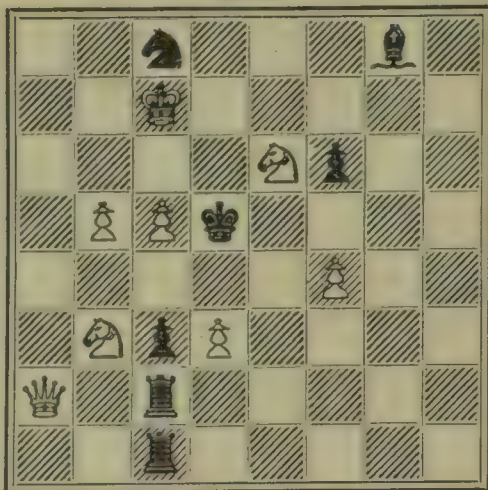
If 1. — K takes P at Q 3rd; 2. B to Q B 7th, K to Q 2nd; 3. R to Q sq mates. If 1. — K to Q 5th; 2. B to Q B 2nd, K to Q B 5th; 3. R to K 4th mates. And if 1. — K to B 5th; 2. B to Kt 6th, K takes P; 3. R to K 4th mates.

What is to be said of this delightful setting of the King's four-flight theme? Two mirror and two pure mates in the four variations should satisfy the most exacting critics, and the use made of White's Bishop constitutes a marvellous piece of economy in construction. In a composition of this kind, difficulty, of course, takes second place;

but it is a sheer joy to consider the beauties of the mates, and our solvers have not been slow in expressing themselves to that effect.

PROBLEM No. 3962.—By T. K. WIGAN AND R. S. M. STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Imperial Chess Club a very satisfactory report of the past year's work was presented. The Challenge Cup was won by Mr. H. E. Tudor, with Mr. Spitz second, and Mr. Hardcastle third. Out of fourteen matches played with other clubs, the Imperial had won twelve, for which a special vote of thanks was awarded to Mrs. R. H. Stevenson, whose ability of management contributed so much to these successes. Mrs. Arthur Rawson was unanimously re-elected President, and the present Committee re-appointed *en bloc*; while Viscount Ullswater, Sir Horace Plunkett, and Sir Edgar Wigram, Bt., consented to become Vice-Presidents. Mrs. Rawson took the opportunity, in addressing the meeting, to invite her hearers to qualify for life membership of the British Chess Federation.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament at Marienbad between Messrs. F. D. YATES and F. J. MARSHALL. (Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Y.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. Kt to B 3rd B to Kt 5th
Apparently a favourite move of Black's in this opening, which, however, is fast disappearing from first-class play.

4. B to B 4th P to Q 3rd
5. P to Q 3rd B to K 3rd
6. B to Kt 3rd Kt to B 3rd
7. Castles P to K R 3rd
8. Kt to K 2nd B takes B
9. R P takes B P to Q 4th
10. Kt to Kt 3rd

White's objective seems the posting of his Kt at K B 5th; but he fails to take account of what Black is preparing in reply. P takes P is now the proper move, even if it disposes of his plan of campaign.

P takes P

Here Kt takes P looks more satisfactory.

Q takes Q
B to B 4th

WHITE (Mr. Y.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
13. P to B 3rd Kt to K Kt 5th
14. R to B sq Castles Q R
15. P to Kt 4th B to Kt 3rd
16. P to R 3rd

So far Black's combination has moved like a piece of clockwork, and given White no option in his replies. Here, however, he had the chance of B to Q 2nd, which would have put a different face on the game. How the text move is fatal, Black vigorously proceeds to show.

17. R takes Kt R to Q 8th (ch)
18. Kt to B sq K R to Q sq
19. P to Kt 5th Kt to R 4th
20. R takes Kt R takes B
21. R to R 4th R (Q sq) to Q 8
22. Kt to Q 4th P takes Kt
23. P takes P R takes P

White resigns.

The whole of this game from Black's eleventh move is a piece of beautiful and forcible strategy in the famous American master's best style.

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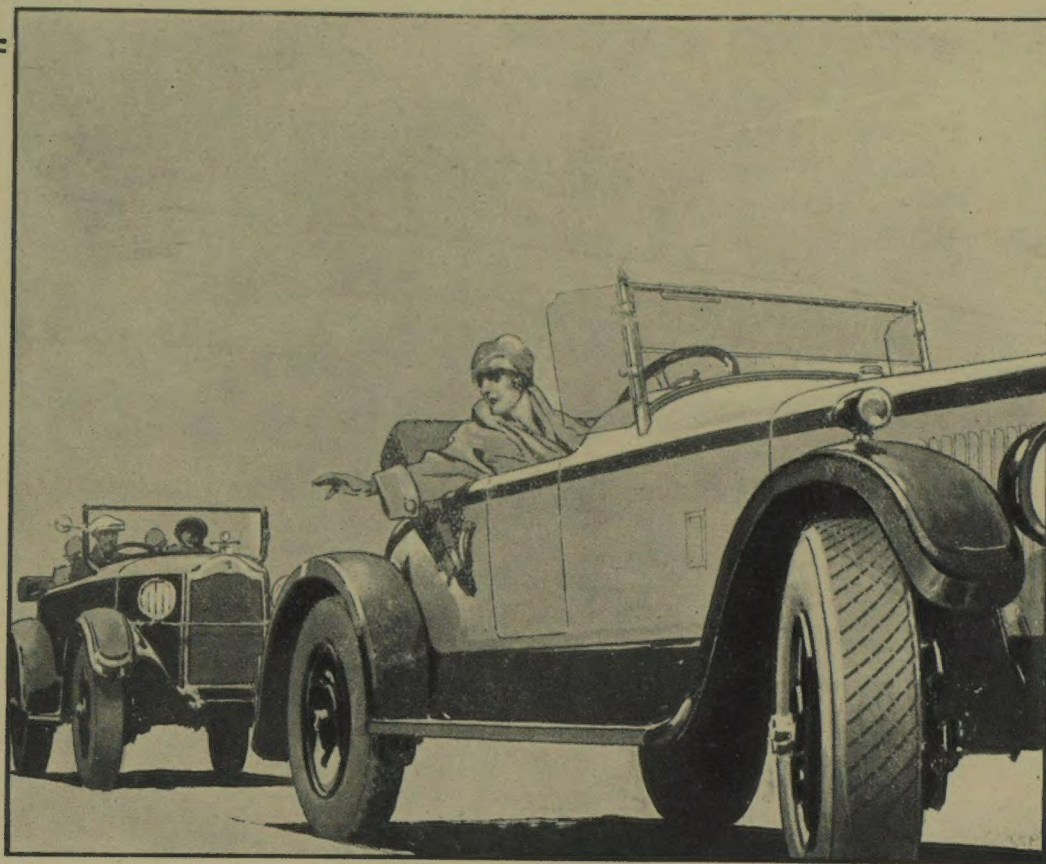


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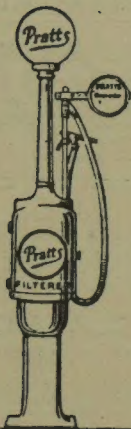
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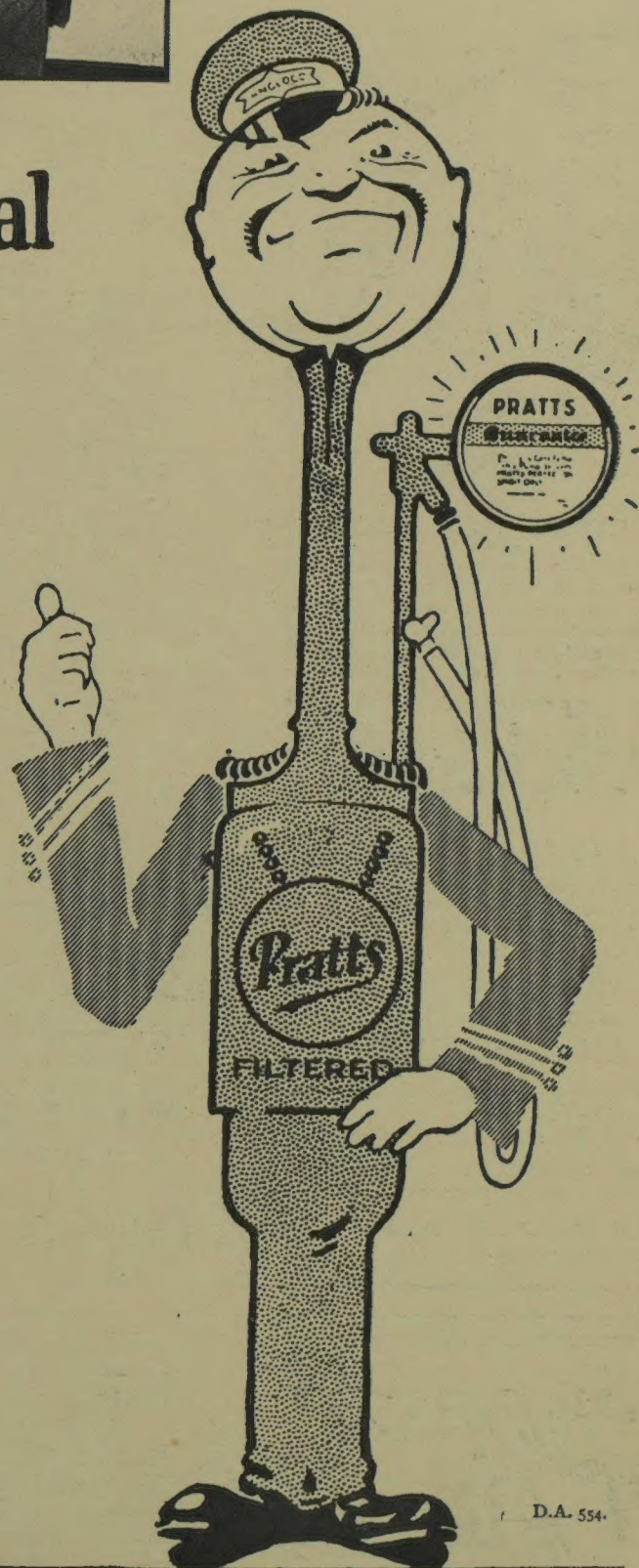
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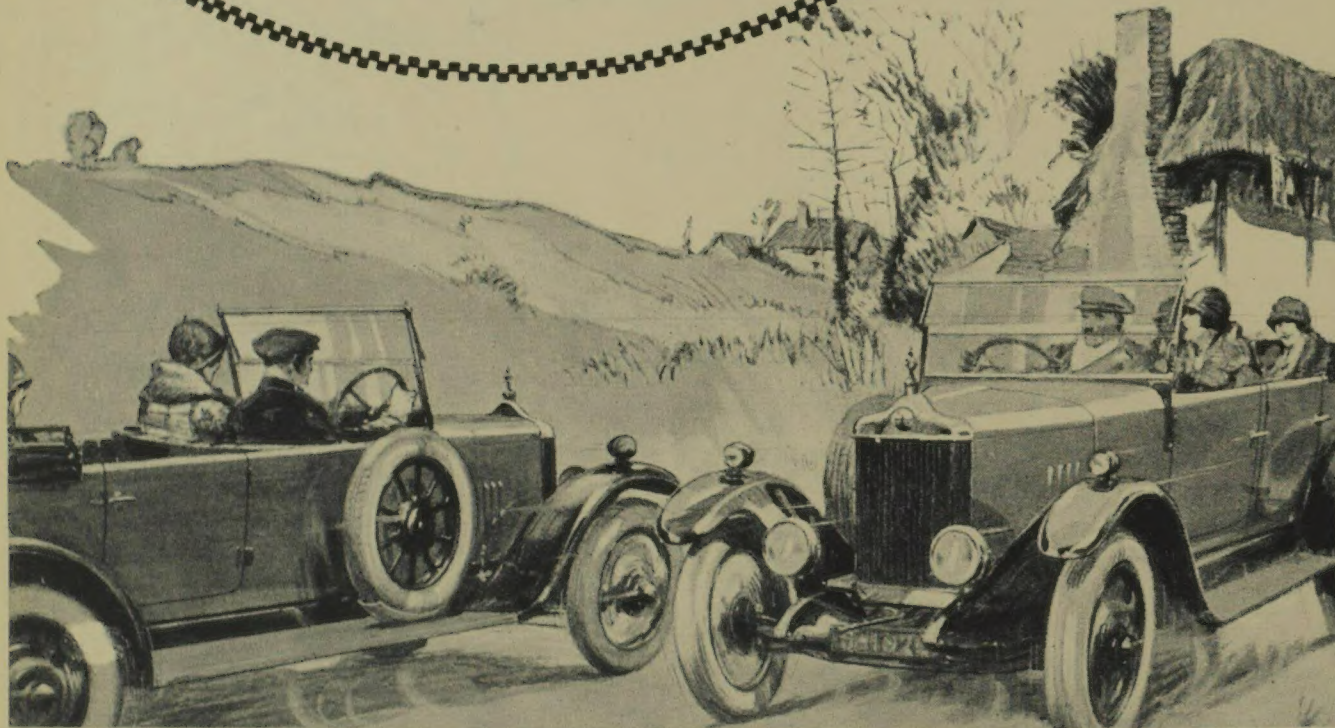
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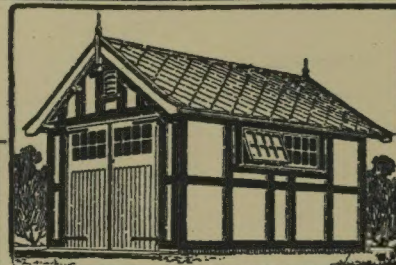
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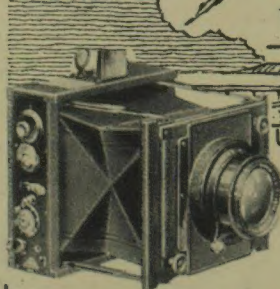
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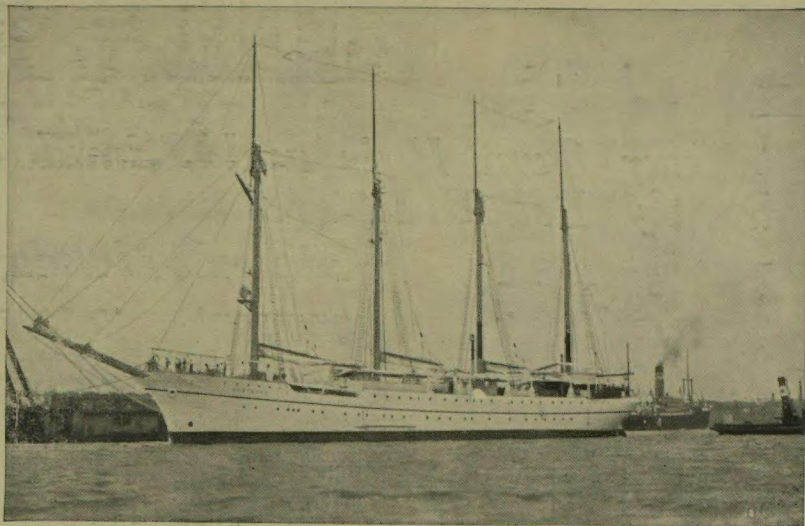
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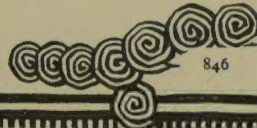
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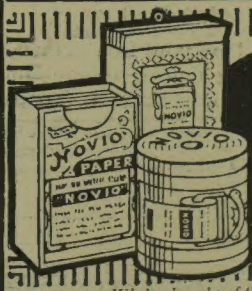
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